SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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From "The Rose of Sharon," for 1840.

MY CHILD

BY JULIA R. SCOTT.

There is one who has bound me debarred from the day.
The Lord of Spring is on my heart,
Lavishing green prizes 'neath each spreading tree;
Her voice is heard beside the sterling fountain,
Inviting sweet tones to the soul melody.
From the warm flesh she brings remembered roses
To greet with smiles the eye of grief and care;
Her balmy breath is on the west wind's repose,
And her rich gifts are scattered every where—
I need them not, my child!

In the low vale the snow-white daisy springeth,
The golden dandelion is by its side;
The rich-tinte d dewy flowerets flingeth
To the soft breeze that wanders far and wide.
The tu neeth and poppy-color ender,
Pay their due debt to nature, an offering of love;
And from blue petals, and bell-flowers blest, tender
They steal perfumed homage to the skies—
I need them not, my child!

In the clear brook are springing water grasses,
And green rushes, and the lily, sunshine flowers;
Where the deep willow's scented tree-top passes,
Dimpling the surface with their scenic showers.
The honeysuckle stealthily is creeping
Round the low porch and mossy cottage-eaves;
Oh, rioting fairy treasures in her keeping,
And lovely are the lonelinesses that she weaves—
I'm naught to me, my child!

Down the green lane some sunny spot of sweetest tangliest
The school bus rest ch eldest cousins forth;
And now a smaller band come dancing after,
Fifteen in all, with shouts of laughter mirth;
At the rude gate the ancient dame is bending
To cheer her children with the welcome kind;
Joy, pain and hope are in her bosom blending;
Ah, peace with her is an unsound guest!
She is not with me, my child!

All the day long I listen to the singing
Of the gay birds and winds among the trees;
But a sad under-cur rent ringing
A tone of death and the dread mysteries.
Nature to me the letter is that killeth
The spirit of its substance lies pressed away;
A feast of bliss no more my bosom filleth
Elsewhere its shrine is and its sacrament clay!
Then 'tis the grave, my child!

For the glad cause my spirit laity prayeth
I supplicate for the blue crow' holy light
Vainly for me the glorious sunbeam shineth,
Vainly the blessed stars come forth at night!
I walk in darkness, with the dead I believe me,
Longing to lay my flesh beside thy own;
Oh cast the mantle of thy presence o'er me,
Beloved, leave me not so deeply lone!
Come back to me, my child!

Upon that breast of pity-ing love there restored,
Which oft on earth did pillow my head,
Not turned away petitioner the meanest—
Pray to Him, meekest, He will hear them now.
Plead for the weak and broken-hearted mother
Pray that the votes may whisper words of peace;
He is our is dead; and can plead for us,
Speak, and her loller sorrows sign shall cease
Come to me, my child!

Come but in dreams—let me once more behold thee,
Before I I will not ask thy stay with me!
Leave but the impress of thy dove-like beauty,
White shadow of the past, I will not call.
And I will unravel in the path of duty,
Resthrowing tears that every face would fall!
Come but in dreams, my child!

From the Casket and Philadelphia Monthly Magazine

CRUIZING IN THE LAST WAR.

No. II.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the wild waves bound as the unbidden oar are used
That knows his rider. Welcome to the roar!
Childe Harold.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

"Mortify, mortify goes the hawk." *Book.*

It was noonday, a hot, scorching noonday in the latter part of July. The sun poured down his fervid beams, and the sea beneath glowed like molten lead. We were becalmed. Not a breath of air was stirring; the pendant hung motionless from the trunk; the ensign of the type country was scarcely perceptible against the mast; the very clouds had ceased to flit in shadows across the deep; and over all hung that sickly glare which betokens a calm. Within the tropics rarely fails to produce. On board all was still. Not a fleety rays of the sun penetrating through the awning filled the ship with a stifled amos phere, that was nearly overpowering. Here and there, a stray sunbeam, through an opening, fell upon the deck, the turpentine oozed out and boiled in the fierce heat. The crew lay grouping in the waist, and under the forward cover of the side to catch a puff of air. The song was hushed, the yarn untold, no footfall broke the silence, save the dull thud of the ripple was heard as it washed monotonously against our bows.

As I leaned against the quarter in a while jacket, I could not help admiring the exquisite build and symmetry of our light, little craft. From where I stood I could run my eye over every part of her deck and rigging,—for in so small a vessel there was no room for snug and snake taking gallantly upward, and her spars, cross-trees, topmasts, and running blocks all passed of a delicate native. Every rope was as white as hand could be made. Between the main and mizzen-mast, and made to trot sufficiently to any emergency, stood the long boat of the deck were mounted six smaller pieces of the most exquisite workmanship. Such was the brig, a fairy vessel, could extend the symmetry of her run below, or the graceful rake of her tapering, whip-stalk rangle above.

Not far from me stood our boatswain, a man of more muscle and agenda than brain. He was whittling a stick, as he leaned over the low rail of the schooner. A bolder, braver, warmer hearted tar never sailed, than Bill Ashton. He was a true sailor, and not singular in some respects.

"Bill, think you of our cruize, by this time?" said I, desirous of keeping about here, rousing to discourse. "We've been nearly three weeks, and there seems no better chance of prize-money than when we parted from the Constitution."

"We'll have warm work, by'us bye, Mr. Danforth," said he, in reply, "it's agin nature to fight in these here seas—they're too dry sharks for that—and they mostly feed on fish I know. Besides the Indyman ought to be afore long, and the ship's should'nt the Cape, like it—that's to go into Baltimore with.

But look there, sir, there's a sail already." He pointed carelessly off upon the horizon, where a slightly ruffled appearance of the sea, indicated that the wind was springing up.

"There we shall for a few hours get rid of our confounded calms."

"And what is better still, we shall get prize-money. For my part, the salt breeze and the prize-deck is the better portion of life, and when my log's out, Mr. Danforth, I shall turn into my hammock of other world, thankful that I've enjoyed as much of 'em here. I wonder, sir," he continued, "if there isn't some sung corners there, where one can sling his hammock and get a puff like this?" as a whiff of the rising breeze swept deliciously by. "But I'm afeard there's no such thing as prize money to be got there. It isn't, say how, scored down in the parson's bible, for I've looked all through the first chapter, and if it was in the book, 'twould be sure to be there. Ah!" he continued, with something of a sigh, "they say they're all united up together there—land-lubbers, waisters, forecastlemen, and boatswains,—and that's often kind a staggered me in believing the good book, —for it's agin nature to have a mixture in the sea, and how do they git along without boatswains to pipe all hands up in a flurry? But Captain Drew is coming on deck, and I rpose we 're for making sail."

The wind was now rising rapidly, and could be seen coming down upon us, ri ripping, curling, and rippling its glassy surface of the sea as it swept along. Its refreshing coolness influed new life into the crew, and the shrill whistle of Ashton had no sooner piped "all hands make sail, ahoy!" than a lusty cheer sprung up from the deck, and in an incredibly short space of time, we were gliding along under a cloud of canvass, and curling the dark waters in foam beneath our prow. It was a beautiful sight to lean over her low side, as she bowed gallantly to the deep, and watch the bubbles that rose in lowwonder, under her cut-water, gambolled a moment along her hull, and then were whirled away by the rudder into the glittering wake astern.

We had held on for nearly an hour when the man at the cross trees sang out,

"A sail!"

The word fell like music on the listeners, and fifty eyes were eagerly glanced around the horizon.

"Where away" demanded the officer of the deck.

"Well on the weather quarter."

"Can you make anything out of her"

"Not certainly, sir, she seems a heavy craft —with her royals set—and going nearly large."

Never was the cry of "a sail" more welcomed to the crew. A three weeks' unsuccessful cruize had made the prospect of a prize equally agreeable to all. We, the officers, especially, whose hopes had begun to be deserted, were now alive with the love of men, and the old, weather-beaten tars smiled grimly as they squinted at the stranger, or gathering forward into groups, discussed the flag and chances of capture of the distant ship.

"I lay a glass," said Jem Swanson, a bald, reckless, old tar, to his mess, "she's a full East Indiaman, lost o' her convoy, and about to be lost o' her flag, ha! ha!"

"Stop a minit, my hearties," answered an old salt, "don't be crowing on your prizes before you've laid down your coordinates, as the old schoolmaster used to say, but wait till that 'ere craft knows it's taken, she's now sure, for all by this time her noob, top-gallant sails, and top-sails had successively appeared, rising like a white cloud to windward, and gleaming brightly in the sunlight like a star. Her hull was now defined upon the distant horizon, "now you are by the way of that topmast, I'd swear her an Englisher and a frigate—it's queer," he continued on reflection, "that she don't carry it off to water, and she with the weather gauge of us too."

"Mean Tomkins here sharp?" said the cook. "I hab arrike at de same conseruence, he look 'skonishing like de Andalusia, dat I said in once."

"Clap your dead lights on your jaws, old thunder-cloud," said the foremast-man, "here's'n we been roasting three weeks on this broiling coast, till we 're almost all done as brown as yourself, and without seeing a prize either,—and so I'd like to know, shipmates, how it can be anything else but a prize ?"

The captain, all this time, had been examining the stranger through his glass. He seemed uncertain what to make of her.

"I don't understand her, Mr. Jones," he continued, turning to his first officer, "she much like the commodore except as her topsails."

The lieutenant took the telescope and, after a sharp scrutiny, drew a long breath, before he handed it to his superior.

"She 's as like as two North river sloops, sir. I should n't hesitate if it was n't for her topsails. He'd build a exactly old Bonaparte's."

"So I think, too," replied the captain, "but there 's nothing like certainty,—here, Mr. Danforth, you 're a sharp look-out, what do you call this thing?"

I stepped up, touched my hat, and took the glass. Remembering the old sailor's notion, I closely examined the ship of her masts, in which by decks, and greater segments of her yards, lay the principal difference between the English frigates and our own. I could see but little to substantiate my suspicions, but there was enough about her, I thought, to call for prudence in our movements.

"Well ?"—Danforth," said the captain, as I took the glass from my eye.

"She 's a frigate, sir—of the largest class, and coming down on us like a racer."

"Oh! we know all that," said he, laughing good humoredly, "but what flag is she ?"

"English, sir"

"The deuce," ejaculated the captain.

"Whoo-oo," whistled Irvine, behind me.

"English!—then all hands make ready!" said the captain, lifting the glass to his eye.

He, the step of her masts, sir; and they 're not low enough for an American built frigate, sir?"

"By my faith, you 're a sharp lad, indeed," said the captain, "but what flag is she ?"

"She 's showing none as yet, sir."

"Oh! we know all that," said he, laughing good humoredly, "but what flag is she ?"

"Hard down it is," growled the old water-rat, and the gallant craft, yielding to the press on her sails, shivered a moment in the wind, fill off on the other tack, and stood away. The helm, through action of a stiff blow, and, perhaps, of a severe storm was thickening around us. We began almost to repent of our temerity. As the chase lengthened, the excitement deepened. The roar of the guns, and the whizzing of the balls lost a stirring launch to the scene, which sent the blood more quickly through the veins. We had always been in an action before, and I felt every nerve in me thrill with the excitement. Say what they will, there is something in the stir and uncertainty of battle, which rouses up the very soul. Oh! what is like the strife of man with man.

"Keep their noses in 's line, Mr. Bentley,—we 'll give them a stern chase, that will tire them out, by and—now, my hearties, let 's see what you 're made of—and why don't the old boy allow his boys to fire?"

I pointed upward, where our own stars and stripes were waving. He nodded in reply, and then a flash, and a report.

"Well, we 'll show him then directly—but he 's clapping on more sail,—where did he get these studding-sails ?"

"He 's luffing to, sir, sir, and no doubt, parked them at venture," said the lieutenant.

The shrill whistle of the boatswain again screamed through the schooner, the helm was put hard down, and, in a few minutes, instead of running before the breeze, we had close-hauled our mainsail, foresail, and topmainsail were dashing into the wind's eye our trim masts entreating to the horizon as the gale bended its power.

We were now rapidly approaching the frigate. She was coming gallantly down before the wind, with her pyramid of canvass towering above her jaunty hull, and the Sun curling in volumes before her as she drove down toward us with her lofty bows. We were running a downhill valley, and as we neared her, our doubts began again to arise. Many a gay-hearted salt, uttered a low plash as he squinted at her rig, or hurled his old soldier overboard with an impatient gesture. From the captain began once more to shew his anxiety. But if it was not the commodore, I never had seen one so closely resembling him, and as her huge hull loomed nearer and nearer, I almost gave up my suspicions, and joined in the general belief. It was a beautiful sight to behold her, staggering under her press of sail, and sweeping down upon us, with all her pride and beauty displayed to the admiration of fickle of the deep. She was now, however, within long cannon shot, and still to the surprise of all, had made no demonstration of her nationality.

"Show her the stars?" cried Captain Drew, impatiently.

The ensign was just trembling in its ascent, and our eyes were turned on the approaching sail, when suddenly a huge fold of bunting shot up from the frigate's quarter, and slowly unfurling in the breeze, disclosed the white field of the British flag; at the same instant she yawed slightly, a bright flash leaped from her bows, followed by a cloud of thin, white smoke, the report came rattling across the solitary waste, and rolled, rolling over the waves, plumped into the waters a few fathoms ahead.

"Heavens!" ejaculated the astonished captain.

For a moment not a word was spoken. Every man on board was struck dumb with astonishment, and then came the stunning consciousness of our perilous situation. The commodore, the gallant Drew's element. His best southern blood was up. His face glowed, his eye flashed, his brow knit, and his thin lips were compressed together like a vice. He felt that nothing but his most superhuman exertions could save us from capture. Flight was our only safety, and yet it made his blood boil to flee. He looked one moment keenly at the angry faces of his crew, and then with a fierce glance at the frigate thundered forth, breaking the thrilling silence,

"Beat to quarters"

The men were hushing to their stations at the well known top of the drum, sufficiently influenced by their disappointment to have fought the whole British fleet, single handed.

"Clear away the long gun, there!—quartermaster, keep her up—quick there forward."

"He does n't mean to fight, surely," whispered the lieutenant to me. "We are not out of reach of the enemy's guns, and by shewing him our heels at once stand our only chance of escape. If he once opens his broadside upon us, we are lost. By ——, there he goes again!" he ejaculated, as another flash leaped from the frigate's bow, and a shot fell but a fathom or two ahead of us into the sea.

But our commander never moved a muscle of his face. His eye only flashed the wilder as dangers thickened around him. He was best either on fighting or running his brave, like those which hid already inside his name a terror to the foe. At last he turned to his lieutenant.

"We 'll run a little nigher, Mr. Jones, and give it to him for his stratagem—he knows we can outsail him, and so he thought to trap us, but by my holidome, he 'll find we are not so easily won—and—Bentley, gunner"—glee it to him life the vengeance!"

"We 're scarcely nigh enough, sir," coolly answered the old man, who was aiming his gun, "another minnit or so if you please."

"Steady then, quarter master," shouted the captain, and a few moments of breathless interest followed during which the ship was in our mad career, expecting every minute a broadside from our foe, which would send us to the bottom. Again the frigate yawed, and a shot dashed upward from her gun-deck.

"Man the tackle, there," tumdered the captain—"stand by to haul the jib—all ready ?"

A second of suspense ensued, amid a silence as profound as death. Every instant nearer we age. The old fellow raised his eye from the gun, and held his match lock ready.

"Are we nigh enough, gunner ?" roared the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir—this 'll do," he coolly replied.

"Then fire—"

At our fate thunder followed, a vivid flash burst from the long piece, and a cloud of thick white smoke, hovered for a moment over every rising forward, and then slowly breaking away before the breeze, rolled off upon the waters.

"Hurrah! there she goes," shouted the gunner, as with one hand on the vent, and the other grasping his match, he watched the effect of the terrible path of the shot,—and when the fore-topgallant yard of the frigate, with all its hamper, went crashing over her side, he waved his hand around his head, skipped the breech of his piece with wild delight, and in a perfect frenzy of joy exclaimed, "hurrah! give it to 'em old boy!"

"We'll sent old weather," said the captain, after the bounce of the crew had partly subsided, "and now with a will around—quarter master, *keep her steady.*"

"Hard down it is," growled the old water-rat, and the gallant craft, yielding to the press on her sails, shivered a moment in the wind, fill off on the other tack, and stood away. The helm, through action of a stiff blow, and, perhaps, of a severe storm was thickening around us. We began almost to repent of our temerity. As the chase lengthened, the excitement deepened. The roar of the guns, and the whizzing of the balls lost a stirring launch to the scene, which sent the blood more quickly through the veins. We had always been in an action before, and I felt every nerve in me thrill with the excitement. Say what they will, there is something in the stir and uncertainty of battle, which rouses up the very soul. Oh! what is like the strife of man with man.

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I pointed upward, where our own stars and stripes were waving. He nodded in reply, and then a flash, and a report.

"Well, we 'll shew

Saturday Morning Post.

EDITED BY

G. R. GRAHAM & J. S. DU SOLLE.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1839.

Cheap Literature—its characteristic effects.

The present, if not the age of reason, is essentially, in one sense, the reasonable age. Literature, and the fine arts,—things which for years have held themselves aloof from the dull, ordinary, pursuits of human life, maintaining their aristocratic seclusion from the multitude, by the expense consequent upon their haughty acquaintance—literature and the fine arts, have been compelled to bow to the popular whim, and penny papers, penny cyclopedias, penny magazines, penny music, penny concerts, and penny engravings, have become the very characteristic of the times. This depreciation in price, far from having the effect which at first sight would appear to be its necessary consequence, has by no means deteriorated the character of the material. The penny newspapers, so called, and the penny literature in general, are of a character worthy of all eulogium; and will bear comparison in point of intellectual developement with their more expensive brethren of this, or any other age, without a prospect of disparagement. Concerts, which erst attuned themselves to prices beyond the common grasp, as though the divine gift of harmony could find no sympathetic chord in bosoms enveloped in the product of domestic looms, have now by this all-pervading spirit of frugality, been brought within the reach of every mind, and the advantage of the change is attested by the crowds which nightly throng such places of public exhibition.

We look upon this change as an era, in the interesting annals of chronology. It is destined silently, to work, in our opinion, a great moral revolution. We see around us its quiet evidences; and when we look upon them, upon their elements, and upon the vast field open, and prepared for agitation, we are astonished at the general hush which we observe. So extended have been the improvements in the Printer's art; so astonishing has the public taste for mental food, kept pace with the surpassing ability to supply it; that millions of reflecting, active beings, are now brought into immediate communion, who might otherwise have continued strangers to each other, in feeling, thought, appetite and opinion for innumerable years. What a theme for meditation! What a field for the philanthropist and the philosopher. Here stands a mighty array of human power, which, through the instrumentality of the press, may be consolidated, if appropriately spoken, by a word! All men, however they may differ in physical and intellectual organisation, however affected by local and contingent causes, and however separated by peculiar tastes and habitudes, have, nevertheless, some point of catholic accord. This, intelligently seized upon, and cunningly employed, and lo! an immense army, "thick as leaves in Vallambrosa," may be swayed to and fro, by the mere imprinted voice of any dexterous mind! For good, or for evil, the action were equally facile, and equally certain in its results. The wind which wantons o'er our hills, disrobes the forest of its drapery, and cools earth's parching multitudes with its refreshing breath, can also lash the surging ocean to a foam, strip the tall, quivering ship, of its glittering attire, and

> "The brave, and the beautiful,—all that it bore
> In the pride of its strength from the far-off shore,"

in an instant hurry to a death as horrible, and unseemly, as it is ever premature. Such is the machinery of *cheap* literature, and such the magnificent influence it may be made to exert. Why then are the philanthropists of our country idle in this good work? Do they not see that while they are speculating upon obscure points, and investigating occult difficulties, they are wasting their time, permitting sinister energies to anticipate them in the field, and obstruct, if not mar, the glorious conquest in morals, which if properly attempted, they have a right to hope for and expect? First impressions are anything but impotent in their issue. Much good may be produced, much ill prevented, by an early occupation of the ground. The public ear is open: breathe into it the sentiments you would have espoused; and let them be such as truth, justice, and integrity, may listen to without a shudder, or reproach. The whole economy of the body politic, is open as it were to your experiment; beware in acting the physician, that you do not play it false. The poison will sooner taint the vast and complex fabric, with irrecoverable death, than the wholesome medicament, however speedy, can course the veinward path, with its life-renewing, spirit-stirring strength. Be cautious, therefore, in your ministrations.

We have said that *cheap* literature, was destined to make an era in human existence. We have pointed out its importance, and the mode in which beneficently or otherwise, it may and will be made to operate upon the business and the minds of men. Even now, through two mighty nations, its ramifications extend in every imaginable direction, swallowing up all other things in its immensity, and impressing upon all matter, its own peculiar characteristics. On every side lie testimonials of the fact. The public taste, and the public opinion, those difficult-to-be-controlled, but massive agents, have succumbed to this new power; and we cannot move without beholding new creations, without listening to new ideas, or novel combinations of old ones, all of them the result of the *cheap*, and general diffusion of the products of the press. Wait till the whole earth be thus infected; till all its nations, its people, thirsting for knowledge, be thus saturated, (such will eventually be the case,) and then, who will deny that a new era has been formed? Who will not feel that this must be the true lever of Archimedes, through the instrumentality of which a puny man may move,—aye! even convulse—a world! In a country like ours, where the popular voice is literally the sovereign; where the laws, institutions, and government, are fashioned by the hands of those who voluntarily place themselves under, and necessarily require, their protection and restraint, *cheap* literature must exercise a stupendous and unparallelled control. How careful then, should we be, of the character, how punctilious in our scrutiny of the suggestions, of the press! Knowledge, sound sense, judicious precepts, honest thoughts, and fascinating views of truth, should be everywhere disseminated. To aid in this glorious work, there should be no tax on information—no postage on newspapers. The light of heaven might as well be taxed, as that mental light by which a people may be enabled to distinguish the path of wisdom, from the path of guilt; and it will fall heavily on that legislator, who by ejecting but a straw in the way of popular knowledge, shall have assisted the progress of error, or added but one item to the dark catalogue of crime!

We are Opposed to Theatres.

Now, that we have assumed the management of the Saturday Evening Post, we wish our readers to understand that we are, *and we ever have been*, opposed to theatres as conducted in this country. We consider them as the most fruitful source of crime, profligacy, and misery to be found in our great cities, and we have resolved that our influence shall be exerted against them. *They shall never be noticed in this paper but for the purpose of censure.* We believe that in management, they are so radically wrong, that nothing good can be said of them, with truth and justice, and we shall not, therefore, prostitute our press to uphold them. We do not fear, that many of our readers will quarrel with us for assuming this position, and even if they should, we owe something to the cause of humanity and morality, which we shall never shrink from meeting. We boast of a circulation among a class of subscribers, who "care nothing for such things," and we believe that as a general rule we shall be consulting the taste of our readers, while we are following the dictates of our reason and inclination. Hereafter, [illegible] paper, therefore may be expected to say [illegible] things on this subject.

OUR TABLE.

The English Annuals.

We learn from the Liverpool Correspondent of the Star, that those beautiful Ephemera of Art and Letters will be in pretty full force this season.—We shall give our readers several fine pieces from these annuals. They are well edited. Foremost is *The Forget Me Not*, the oldest of this class in England. 2. *The Picturesque Annual*, edited by Leitch Ritchie. It will contain a history and description of Windsor Castle, with an equestrian portrait of the Queen; interior and architectural views of St. George's Chapel, St. George's Hall, and the Waterloo Gallery, and eleven views of Windsor and Eton. *The Keepsake*, edited by that heavy poetaster, Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, and illustrated by Leslie, Chalon, Stephanoff, &c. 4. *The Book of Beauty*, edited by Lady Blessington, with twelve portraits of lovely ladies. 5. *Gems of Beauty*, with twelve fancy illustrations by Corbould, and verses by Lady Blessington. 6. The third series of *Portraits of the Children of the Nobility*, edited by Mrs. Fairlie. 7. *Finden's Tableaux*, edited by Miss Mitford. 8. *The Oriental Annual*, edited by Mr. Bacon. 9. *The Little Forget Me Not*, a love token for children. 10. *The Comic Almanac*. 11. Hood's *Comic Annual*. 12. *A Gift from Fairy Land*, a series of Fairy Legends, profusely embellished, in the style of Rogers' Italy, with 100 fanciful and illustrative etchings.

These may be called Annuals *proper*. Much of the same kind will be an illustrated edition of Eliza Cook's poems, and a guinea and a half poem by Lady Blessington, called The Belle of a Season, with ten illustrations by Chalon. All these works, except the Forget Me Not and Hood's Comic Annual, belong to Charles Heath, the engraver, and will require at least £30,000 to start them.

"Hunt's Merchants' Magazine," is a work which no gentleman interested in commercial enterprise should acknowledge himself without. The December number, before us, is replete with well-written and perspicuous articles, on Mercantile Law, Insurance, Literature, and Biography. From the hasty glance which we threw over its pages, we were struck with the practical character, of the "Hints on the Construction of Marine Policies," by E. W. Stoughton, Esq. and would earnestly recommend the perusal of the hints to all who meddle with maritime adventures. The "Law Cases" given, are of a pre-eminently useful nature, and will be found generally interesting. The "Anniversary Poem," although upon a subject which we had deemed inimical to poetic feeling, is certainly good. *J. W. Scammell*, agent, 47 Arcade, Philadelphia.

"Sketches of the Life and Character of Patrick Henry," by Wm. Wirt. This is a revised edition, with headings to each chapter, and a new arrangement of the notes to suit the volume for schools. We need say nothing in relation to the merits of the work itself, as it has been long before the public, with the seal of approbation emphatically stamped upon its name. The present edition exhibits many improvements, not one of which are unimportant, or useless.—We presume, therefore, it will become, as it merits, a favorite with all who value an acquaintance with the history of noble times and noble and heroic deeds. The mechanical execution and appearance are highly creditable. *Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co. Philadelphia, publishers.*

"The Gentleman's Magazine," for December, is upon our table, containing a cut of "the Cape Codder among the Mermaids," illustrating a tale, from the pen of the editor, reprinted in the magazine, from the annual, edited by Mr. Burton, and noticed some weeks since. There is an article from the pen of the junior editor, Mr. Poe, entitled "Conversations of Eiros and Charmion," a metaphysical paper on "Predestination," from J. J. Maull, Esq. with several well-written articles in prose and verse. The reviews of the month, evince the taste, and judgment, and some of them the severity, for which Mr. Poe is distinguished.

"Advice to Females," by Dr. A. C. Draper, we hope will find its way into no family, the heads of which have the least regard for the moral welfare of their gentler offspring. It is a vile production, and is calculated to induce the perpetration of the very thing against which its author so eloquently declaims. Out upon such hypocrisy!

"Lectures on the Discovery of America, by the Northmen," by A. Davis.—This pamphlet contains information useful and interesting, and should be read by every American. It gives the evidence in a condensed form of the claims of the Northmen to the discovery of our continent. Mr. Davis proposes a course of lectures in this city upon the subject.

"Keith's Arithmetic," professes to be a practical and self-explanatory one, in which the mental and didactic plans are combined, so as to form a plain system for all practical purposes.—We like it, and shall make frequent use of it in our juvenile department. *Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co. Philadelphia, publishers.*

"Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," *by E. A. Poe, Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard.*—These volumes contain the republished magazine articles of Mr. Poe. They are strongly infused with the German spirit, a metaphysical style to which the writer is ardently attached.

Bulwer's New Play.—Turner & Fisher, of this city, have published the new drama of Bulwer, entitled the "Sea Captain." The play as a composition, partakes of the gorgeous style of the writer, and may answer very well to read in the closet.

"Sergeant Bell" is a book for children, full of cuts, and pleasant anecdotes. It would be a pretty Christmas present. *H. Perkins*, Philadelphia, publisher.

"The Family Cabinet" is a compendium of entertaining and useful knowledge. It may be read with profit. *P. C. Wilson*, Philadelphia, publisher.

Mercantile Library Lectures.

Professor Vethake's lecture before the Mercantile Library Company, on Friday evening, was one of the ablest of the course. The subject was "The Distinctive Provinces of the Political Philosopher and the Statesman." The subject was somewhat too profound for a miscellaneous audience.

An outline, said the lecturer, has been attempted of the functions which the statesman is required, by science and an enlightened patriotism, to perform. But very often, indeed, is it that he comes far short of the standard thus exhibited, and that he forcibly reminds one of the saying of the celebrated chancellor of Sweden, when sending his son to a congress of ambassadors: "go and see with what little wisdom the affairs of the world are managed."—How many public men do we not find, who have no political principles to guide them in their course, and who may be truly said to have no opinions at all, excepting, that a measure is expedient or inexpedient, exactly in proportion as it is fitted to promote or defend their own interests, or, at most, the immediate interests of their party; those of their country and mankind, in their estimation, being accounted for nothing!—It is, moreover, lamentable to think that men of this description do not always constitute the worst or most dangerous class of politicians.—Disposed, as they are, to acquiesce in the prevailing opinions of their day, concerning measures [illegible] strictly of a party character, they are, [illegible] to promote as to retard the [illegible] strangely [illegible] tongue had [illegible] declared it to be his object [illegible] ure, the doctrines of the [illegible] of him, Lib[illegible] such contracted view as these; and to endeavor to draw the line between his province and that of the statesman, as well as to point out the duties which they respectively owe to their fellow men.

The lecturer enumerated, among the sources to which the political philosopher looks with confidence for aid in his efforts to improve the condition of his fellow men, the more extensive diffusion of the blessings of christianity; and the spread and increase of commerce throughout the world. His argument on these points we cannot find space here to present. The whole lecture was entirely too philosophical to bear an abstract report; as a composition it was an able affair, and reflected high credit upon the mind of the lecturer.

Athenian Institute Lectures.

Dr. Bell delivered the lecture before the Athenian Institute, on Tuesday evening last, upon the subject of "Physiognomy." He denounced the doctrine of Lavater, and left the "human face divine" to discourse of universal "nature fair." He spoke of the advantages of the study of Physiognomy to the poet and painter, and contrasted the power of the man familiar with the study over his fellow men, to one who is ignorant of the principles of the doctrine. He spoke of its influence in the classification of animals, birds, vegetables, and the mineral kingdom, and how much more impressive the writing of Wordsworth were, from his intimate knowledge of the nicest shades of difference in the various kingdoms of nature. The lecture was, however, abruptly terminated, in consequence of the time allotted for each speaker. We presume that the Dr. will, on some future occasion, resume the theme.

The lecture was a brilliant composition, but it was very closely read, and most imperfectly delivered. If the lecturer would place more value upon a clear and distinct enunciation, he would be far more efficient, as a public speaker. It is to be regretted that so little attention is paid to the arts of oratory by some of our greatest men.

Course of Lectures.—Mr. A. Davis, formerly chaplain of the Senate, &c. of New York, is making arrangements to begin a course of lectures in this city. The subject is the "Discovery of America by the Northmen." Mr. Davis has testimonials from Gen. Scott, Mr. Clay, and other eminent persons.

AMUSEMENTS.

We have signified our opposition to theatrical entertainments, because we sincerely believe them calculated to corrupt most insinuatingly, the minds of the younger, and demoralise the habits of the elder, portion of any community. To Concerts, or any other species of exhibition, adapted innocently to wile away an idle hour,—to improve the taste, while ministering to a laudable appetite for intellectual improvement—we cannot, of course, object. Our course, therefore, will be understood.

Museum.—On Monday night, this establishment was crowded, on the occasion of a Concert given by Miss Shireff, and Mr. Wilson. They are both, extensively and favorably known, as vocalists, and certainly display an unusual amount of ability, and a very familiar acquaintance with the tenets of harmony. Mr. Wilson, is a sweet *tenor*, and manages a voice of fair compass and flexibility, with much skill. He is, however, a cold, and unimpassioned, singer, and constantly reminds us of the warblings, we once listened to, of an automaton Canary. Miss Shireff, is just the reverse, in these latter particulars. She is warm, lively, and light-hearted, with a combination of *naivete* and archness, that, whether genuine or affected, is certainly captivating. We suspect that her knowledge of music, as a science, is not so extensive, as has been imagined. She evinces more taste than skill, in her execution, and her ease, looks to our eye more like the perfection of art, than pure nature. As the whole, though a finished *artiste*, she is by no means equal to Mrs. Watson, in all the grand, and imposing attributes of song, however, in its lighter, common-place, *ad captandum*, graces, she may excel that talented lady. On Tuesday night, a sacred concert took place in the same saloon, but we regret to state that it was but illy attended. Though generally acknowledged to be good, and conducive to the moral health, there appears to be an apathy on the subject of sacred music, we cannot reconcile with the general tone of the public taste.

On Wednesday a concert was given by Madame Otto, Mr. Jones, and Mr. Brough. It was a decided failure. Not more than sixty persons were present, one-fourth of whom, we judged, to be personal friends of the performers, admitted gratis. Mad. Otto's song of "My Fatherland," was really sweet; she has a good voice, but it lacks cultivation. It is crude and unpolished.—Mr. Jones has a poor voice, although his style, i.e. his school, is really excellent, and not surpassed by that of any in the country. Mr. Brough was bad in every respect. His style is coarse, vulgar, and devoid of taste. His vocalisation and his enunciation are abominable. He ought to put himself in the hands of some master in the art. As a purely base singer he is good, however.

We observe that to make these Otto concerts, at all popular, Mrs. Watson's name has been introduced into the next programme.

The Opera House.

The Committee appointed to take in consideration the propriety of erecting an Opera House in this city, have reported favorably. The whole cost of the ground and building will be $415,000. No slight sum. Mr. E. P. Fry, who is the projector of the establishment, supposes that the rents of the stores beneath, will pay the whole interest of the money. He proposes to take the whole building including the stores himself, at an annual rent of $34,000. The whole matter is made out and looks very well, *on paper*, and if the amount of receipts stated, could *ever* be realized, the stock would be a very safe investment.

When we learn *how* the establishment is to be conducted, we shall say a word or two, on the subject,—but if it be a *theatre* in every thing but name, and managed as those of Philadelphia now are, we should not only denounce it, but should pause before we would suffer a sister of ours to enter the building. We shall speak fully upon this in our next.

A Spec of War.

The farmers on the estate of Gen. Van Rensselaer, the patroon, 1500 to 2000 strong, living in Knox, Rensselaerville and Westerlo, N. Y. have struck, and refused to pay rent any longer for the land they occupy. They hold long leases, and have been in the habit of paying their rents in produce; but, since the patroon's death, they have refused to pay any thing, and say that they have paid rent long enough to entitle them to the land. The sheriff has not been able to collect the rent, and has called upon the authorities of Albany to aid him. He has ordered out 5000 men. They were to meet on Monday at 10 o'clock, at the sheriff's office, and march to Knox, a distance of about twenty-six miles, on foot, armed to the teeth; and, if the farmers don't pay up on seeing this formidable body, the militia are to be ordered out to face them. It is expected that they will throw the 5000 and the militia into disorder, or pay their rent. They have armed themselves, and are determined to resist any attempt to coerce them. Great excitement exists in Albany. The sheriff went several times to collect the rents, and the farmers asked him if he wanted any thing but the rents; he said, "no;" "then," said they, "march!" and they drove off.

Mandamus Case.—Wm. L. Brent and Richard S. Coxe, counsel for Mrs. Susan Decatur, widow of the late Commodore Stephen Decatur, moved the United States Circuit Court for a mandamus to issue, directed to James K. Paulding, Secretary of the Navy, commanding him to pay certain sums of money ordered to be paid to Mrs. Decatur by a joint resolution of Congress, dated the 3d of March, 1837, unless cause be shown to the contrary, which motion was allowed, and the Court ordered that a rule be laid and served upon the Secretary, to show cause by the 9th of Jan. next, why the said mandamus should not issue.

CITY NEWS.

An old Tar in Distress.

There were 36 vagrants committed to Moyamensing, by Alderman Tarr, of Southwark, alone, from the 14th of January to the 26th of September, 1839. The whole of this number served out their full time, and none of them were ever committed a second time by the Alderman for the same offence. One, an old tar, named George Morris, who had fought under Commodore McDonough, and lost a leg in the battle of Lake Champlain, was committed some time in September at his *own request*, being at the time in a state of complete destitution, and, as he himself expressed it,—"too honest and honorable to steal, and yet too proud to beg." It appeared that the poor old fellow had applied for a pension, and though his name was found upon the roster of the vessel to which he belonged, yet owing to the difficulty of proving his identity, he had been unsuccessful. As soon as he had served out his "30 days," he made his case known to some of the officers at our Navy Yard, who, in the kindest manner, rendered him every assistance in their power, and we are happy to state that there is said to be a fair prospect now of this faithful old defender of his country, receiving the just and well-merited reward of his gallant, though long unrequited services.

Doubtful Arrest.—On Friday last, a young man was taken before Alderman Manderfield, on a charge of having passed a counterfeit five dollar note. The facts of the case appear to be the following. The defendent sold a pair of boots and received in change a note which a neighboring grocer pronounced good, and changed. The grocer afterwards said it was a counterfeit and because the bootmaker was unable to give him other money arrested him. The grocer must have a heart of stone, and a head of wood.

Domestic Felicity.—On Friday, Margaret McCarty, had her husband arrested for beating her unmercifully, but such was the mollifying effect of her affection for him, when before the Mayor, she persisted in saying: "It's niver a truth—niver the word of it—bad luck and no forgiveness confession to the baste that says there was a baiting—or that John did it. Sure, and he's my darlint, and there's niver a hair of his sweet head that I, Mag M'Carty, would be even harming, or thinking the harm of. I tell ye, Mr. Gentleman Mayor, there was niver a baiting!" Both parties were permitted to go.

Counterfeit Coin.—Jacob Egly, the young man who has been indicted upon four bills for passing counterfeit half dollars, was brought into court for a hearing, on Saturday morning at 10 o'clock, upon a habeas corpus. He offered as bail the Messrs. McMullen, brothers, and machinists in Kensington. The bail, however, not being sufficiently satisfactory to the court (which showed every disposition to be lenient toward the young man, who has a mother and wife dependant upon him for support,) he was remanded. It is now generally thought that the poor fellow has been made the tool of some greater villain.

A Little Foundling.—The Ledger, says a male white child, supposed to be about two weeks old, was found on the steps of a house in Parish st. near Elizabeth st. on Friday evening last.—The little fellow was warmly wrapped up, and had a sugar teat in his mouth. A bundle of clothes was stowed away in a market basket by its unnatural parents. The little stranger was taken in and kindly treated by a Mrs. Sausman in the neighborhood. Since then he has found a home with a Mrs. Miller, in Tammany st. who has adopted it into her family; she having no children living.

Noble Enterprise.—The New York Signal states that the Society of Friends have purchased a three story building near Picton, with a hundred acres of land attached to it, for a manual labor school. The cost was one thousand pounds, of which Joseph John Gurney gave two hundred and fifty pounds when he was in this country. The Friends have now a number of schools which have taken an exalted rank, as seminaries of sound and wholesome learning.

In Love with an Actress.—The Times states that it has received a note from some gentleman deeply enamored of Miss V. who begs to be informed in what manner he may obtain an introduction.

The writer must be insane. Fall in love with an actress! a woman, who, for venal hire, indecorously exposes her person half naked to the public gaze, and has lost that brightest ornament to her sex, the ability to blush! Shame.

Death from Privation.—The Coroner was called on Friday evening to hold an inquest upon the body of an old colored woman, named Silvia Miller, aged 70 years, she was found dead in a house in a court, leading from Juliana street, Moyamensing where she had resided alone. From the evidence before the Coroner, she must have died from a combination of the effects of old age and privation.

A Singular Death.—On Sunday morning Mr. Anthony McConnel, a resident of Spring Garden, in the neighborhood of Vine and Ninth streets, fell down suddenly and expired. Mr. McConnel was a very wealthy citizen, and extensively concerned in droving, and had been for many years a director of the Bank of Penn Township.

A Death by Laudanum.—On Sunday morning a man by the name of Ezekiel Goodwin, was found dead in bed. It appeared that on the night previous he had taken a draught of laudanum, and after drinking it, handed the phial to a fellow lodger, saying, "I have taken my last drink." Verdict of the Jury—death by taking laudanum.

Losing a Finger.—On Sunday morning, about 9 o'clock, a lad by the name of Thomas Layton, employed in the rope manufactory of Mr. Baunet Thomas, in Front street, below the Navy Yard, had his hand caught in some part of the machinery, and one of his fingers torn off. He was otherwise injured, and therefore was conveyed to the Hospital.

The Case of Dr. Dyott.—A rule has been granted by the Supreme Court, to have all the papers in and relative to this case brought before that tribunal. The case will now undergo another scrutinising investigation, and if the Court see fit to sustain the exceptions to this individual's trial, taken by his counsel, he will be liberated.

Free Negro Labor in Demand.—We are gratified to state that the ship Archer is now taking on board 150 negroes, bound from this city to the plantations in one of the British W. I. islands—we understand they are to receive handsome wages there for their labor.

Attempt to Rob.—The office of the collector on the east end of the Columbia Railroad, near Broad street, was forcibly entered on Saturday evening, and the drawers and chests closely rummaged. The rascals, however, obtained nothing for their pains.

Pocket Picked.—A gentleman of Lancaster county, named M. J. Hirwachter, had his pocket picked at the Museum, on Wednesday night, (27th ult.) of $750, principally in 50s of the Lebanon and Lancaster Bank, and 30s of the Bank of Pennsylvania.

A Court Martial.—A court martial has been ordered to convene in this city, for the trial of Commodore Elliot. Commodore Warring ton will act as President of the court.

Fire Among the Newspapers.—The fire on Saturday morning was in the office of the U. S. Gazette, but was gotten under way, before any serious or material damage was effected.

Who found the Horse?—In the Criminal Court, on Saturday, a novel race took place for a purse of dollars, between a small boy named Enoch Moore, Constable Simpson, of Blockley, and Constable Snyder, of Penn Township. The contest arose out of a reward that was offered for the recovery of certain horses, stolen by that notorious thief and now convict, Bladen. The first plea was presented to the Court by Samuel Allison, Esq. on behalf of Mr. Simpson, who claimed the reward as his exclusive right. The claim of the boy was then put in by J. Hall Brady, who declared his client to be entitled to the full amount of the reward, as he first gave notice of the thief and property to Mr. Simpson, by whom they were taken in custody. The Court here decided, that the monies should be equally divided between the boy and the officer, Mr. Simpson. Hardly had the orders rolled over the lips of the judge, when up stepped another claimant—a third Richmond was in the field, in the person of Constable Snyder, whom his counsel, Mr. R. M. Lee, thought was equally entitled to a slice of the disputed pudding. The Court was puzzled, dumb-founded, and appointed next Saturday for a final decision of the mysterious affair,

Perhaps the judge will keep the money, and divide the *honor* among the claimants.

Robbing Himself.—On Thursday morning, the 28th ult. between 12 and 1 o'clock, the tailorshop of Messrs. Westerhood and Keeler, No. 6 Frankford Road, Kensington, was entered, and, with the exception of a single piece of goods, which had been left to be made up, and which was to have been a cash job, was robbed of its entire contents. Suspicion falling upon a young man, named Charles S. Chew, he was on Friday evening arrested, and taken before Mayor Conrad, when he testified upon oath that the whole matter was concocted by *Keeler himself*, and that he was employed at his (Keeler's) particular request, and by his persuasion, merely as his tool, the reward for which, was to have been, *a suit of clothes.*—On the night of the robbery Keeler obtained the key from his partner, but left the door open, and so arranged matters as to leave the impression that false keys had been used. Keeler was also arrested, but remained perfectly silent, and did not attempt to defend himself. He is quite young, but lately married, and was much respected.

Master and Apprentice.—On Saturday last a cross suit was tried in this city, in which Mr. Thomas Bird, a master tailor, and George Mooney, his apprentice, were alternately plaintiff and defendant. The original suit was laid by Mr. Bird, and the complaint was, that his apprentice, a young man about 19 years of age, absenting himself upon several occasions from his premises, and was otherwise unruly and disobedient. The apprentice insisted that the treatment of the master was not that designated by the letter of the law.

The suit was not decided, but both were evidently in the wrong. The master was harsh, and the apprentice impudent.

Arrest of a Counterfeiter.—A fellow calling himself James Whitaker, was arrested at the Circus on Tuesday week, by officer Delany, on suspicion of being concerned in an extensive circulation of counterfeit $10 notes on the Bank of Oswego, New York. He was searched, and upon his person were found several notes of the same stamp. The evidence being of a conclusive character, the Recorder held him to answer the charge in the sum of $1500, in default of which he was committed. We learn that he was recognised by the officers as an old offender.

Our Tobacco Warehouse.—There have been 2531 hogsheads of tobacco, inspected at the city warehouse for the present season, ending on the 29th ult. 500 are now in store. During the last year to the same date, there were 4370 hogsheads inspected, 17 of which are now in store.

There is a reduction of 181 hogsheads as compared with the number in 1838, which has arisen from the failure of the crop.

About $10,000 were paid last year to the superintendents of the above establishment for inspection.

Stop Thief.—A watchman of the Northern Liberties, succeeded in discovering a man whom he supposed to have been on a thieving excursion. He immediately ran after the chap, who started off in a hard run, but in running dropped a bundle. The fellow got off, but the bundle was taken to Mayor Conrad's office. It contained two pair of canvass and one pair of blue cloth trousers, a blue roundabout, two pair of flannel drawers, six shirts, three pair of shoes, one shaving box, razor and brush.

An Everlasting Title.—An individual on Monday was brought before the Recorder, for some petty offence, who when asked his name, affirmed that it was Mr. "Everlasting Whole Hog and Steamboat George Washington Lafayette Hezekiah Nicodemus Nebuchadnezar Olympus Cæsar Julius Augustus Belshazzar Bacchus Richard Rasselas Macbeth Magowan." Mr. O. E. W. H. S. G. W. L. H. N. N. O. C. J. A. B. B. R. R. M. Magowan, was sent below as insane.

Accident and Narrow Escape.—On Sunday afternoon about 1 o'clock, as a full rigged brig, which was beating up the Delaware, commenced rounding to at South street wharf, she ran foul of a steam ferry boat, badly injuring her railing and doing other damage. Several persons who were crossing in the boat at the time came very near being crushed to death, and others, from the concussion, narrowly escaped being precipitated into the river.

Robbing a Judge.—During the last week, some body has either stolen or taken as their own, a hat and pair of gloves, belonging to Judge Bouvier. His Honor, it is said, don't much relish the joke. The thief is either a consummate wag, or a unmitigated knave. To steal under the very eyes of Justice!—but then Justice is always represented *blindfolded*.

Would'nt Appear.—Hannah Nice, who indicted at the present term, a Mr. Wilson Gregory, for an indelicate assault, and who was nonsuited by the jury and directed to pay the costs, was called, and not appearing, the clerk was ordered to enter her recognisance as forfeited.

So much for false swearing. She was any thing but a nice woman.

Entrapped by his Love.—A man named David Lewis was arrested, on the evidence of his sweet-heart, for stealing. On Friday he was finally committed to Moyamensing to answer the charge at the next Criminal Sessions. Cornelia Harding, his betrayer, entered the usual amount of recognisance, to appear and testify against him.

Nothing Made by the Move.—James W. Rosewell, *alias* John Creamer, who removed his case from Baltimore city, on indictment for larceny, has been convicted. The case of William Bromwell has been discontinued in consequence of the severe indisposition of the acused, whose health is now in a very precarious condition.

Robbery below stairs.—The cellar No. 218 Walnut street, was entered on the night of the 29th ult. and robbed of sundry spoons, plated candlesticks and snuffers. Information has been left at the Mayor's office, but no clue to the robbers has been yet obtained.

A Thief.—On Thursday morning, a fellow walked into the counting house of Mr. Philip Garrett, at the coal wharf above Coates street, in the absence of the clerk, broke open the drawer, and stole $200, twenty of which were in specie.

The Museum.—There was a crowd at the Museum on Friday evening at the second Concert given by Miss Shirreff and Mr. Wilson. We presume there were over 2000 persons present.

Whipping a Woman.—William Develin was tried for assault and battery on Mary Brady, sentenced to pay a fine of five dollars and costs.

A New Church.—A new church is being erected in Juliana below Callowhill street, as a place of worship for a new sect of religionists. It is styled the German Rational Church, and will be under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Giesal. It is, we believe, the first church of the kind ever erected in the country. Expected cost $11,000. Mr. Jacob Mattis builder.

Run over by a Wagon.—On Monday evening a small lad by the name of Summers was run over by a light wagon in the vicinity of Passyunk Road and Carpenter street. The wheels of the vehicle passed immediately over his back. Medical assistance was immediately called upon.

A Perjurer.—Nathaniel Fisher was bound over on Monday last for wilful perjury. We hope the villain will be severely punished. We look upon perjury as the worst species of human crime.

The New Clerk Inaugurated.—On Monday last, William O. Kline, the newly elected Clerk of the Criminal Sessions was duly installed into office, by an administration of the usual oath.

A fowl rascal.—On Saturday, a fellow whose name we could not learn, was brought up charged with the mean, act of *chicken stealing*. Though no duck his apprehension made him *quake*.

Duties in Philadelphia.—The duties on imports for the third quarter of the present year, at the Custom House in this city, amounted to $1,077,194 83.

Employment of Convicts.—Dr. Dyott is engaged at winding bobbins in the Eastern Penitentiary, and Dr. Chauncey is making shoes in the same place.

The Philadelphia Almshouse is said to have, at this time, 200 more inmates than at any time during the preceding year.

FINANCIAL RECORD.

Philadelphia Money Matters.

We are unable to notice any important change since our last. The weather has been cold, and the feeling generally less buoyant; but the rates for money have continued at an average of about 11-8 per cent. a month for paper out of doors, while U. S. Post Notes sold on Saturday at 10 per cent. prem. There is apprehension that the Liverpool will bring bad news. Her news will, in all probability, be the worst that will be received from Europe for months to come, inasmuch as she will bring the English response to the most alarming intelligence, namely—the suspension of specie payments,—that has been sent from this country. We have been recovering somewhat, ever since the suspension, and the first alarm over on the other side of the water, the European capitalists and our creditors abroad, will put the best face upon matters, and endeavor to recover from their first consternation. They will be assisted no little by the liberal shipments of flour and cotton, and consequently the immense amount of bills on these shipments, recently sent from this country, in payment of foreign obligations. The specie from Mexico, nearly $3,000,000 will also assist matters in the London market. It should be remembered moreover, that the business of pouring State Stocks into the British Metropolis, has altogether ceased, while a disposition prevails very generally in this country, to pay off old scores. All these facts taken together, cannot but revive the English houses and bankers who deal largely with the United States. Hence, as before observed, the news that will be received subsequent to the arrival of the Liverpool, is likely to grow better and better, gradually, it is true—but certainly.

Exchange on Philadelphia is much more abundant, and sight checks are offering out of doors at $3\frac{1}{2}$ a 4, and find slow sale. Some of the banks sell sight drafts at 5, and 60 day drafts 2 per cent prem. There is the same scarcity before noticed of N. Y. Exchange. Bills on New Orleans are also growing scarce, and are taken readily in and out of bank.

U. S. Bank, 4 per cent premium. Indiana, river branches, par. Indiana, interior, $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. dis; Bank of Illinois, $1\frac{1}{2}$; State Bank of Illinois, $1\frac{1}{2}$; Ohio, 1; Tennessee, 5 a 6; Alabama, 8 a 10; Natchez, 15; Union, 15; Manchester, 15; Rodney, 15; W. Feliciana, 15; Commercial Bank of Columbus 25; best Mississippi Post Notes, 15 a 20; Vicksburg, no sale; Lake Washington, no sale; Brandon, no sale; N. & S. Carolina, 6 a 10; Georgia, 6 a 10; New Orleans, par; Cincinnati, par.—*Reporter.*

The U. S. Bank of New York.

The following evidence given by Thomas Dunlap, Esq. President of the U. S. Bank of Pennsylvania, in the case of Commonwealth, vs. Rice and Warwick, now being tried in this city, fully explains the connection between the U. S. Bank in New York and the U. S. Bank in this city:

Thomas Dunlap, sworn.—The United States Bank in New York was established under the General Banking Law of that State. The charter contains the provision that the corporation shall last for fifty or sixty years. I believe the capital to be $200,000, with the privilege of increasing to $50,000,000. The stock was taken by two individuals, Richard Alsop and George Griswold, and the means for carrying out its operations, and obtaining the notes from the Comptroller, were supplied by them from their own private fortunes. Morris Robinson was afterward allowed to hold stock to the amount of 5 or $600, in order to his election as President,—it is conducted by these gentlemen at their own risk, with their own personal means. The U. S. Bank of this city has no interest whatever in that Institution, except acting as its agent here, or its acting as the agent of the U. S. Bank of Pennsylvania there, and no other interest than exists in any other bank in the same situation as agent.

Some of the Banks under the General Banking Law extend their charters for 300 years.

Goods Imported and Duties at Philadelphia.

The value of the goods imported into this port during the years 1837 and 1838, and three-quarters of 1839, have been as follows, viz:

In 1837,	$10,130,838
1838,	10,417,815
1839, (three-quarters)	12,571,164

Showing an increase in the three-quarters of this year, $2,153,349, over the whole of 1838.

The Duties accruing to the United States from Imports into this port during the fiscal year in 1838 and 1839, have been as follows, viz:

1st quar. Oct. 1st to Dec. 31st, 1838,	$439,682 90
2d do. Jan. 1st to March 31st, 1839,	735,680 51
3d do. April 1st to June 30th,	717,063 78
4th do. July 1st to Sept. 30th,	1,078,695 77
Total,	$2,971,122 97
In 1838, the amount was	1,917,198 80

Showing an increase this year of $1,054,014 17

In 1839, the number of vessels arrived up to Nov. 29th, has been 10,780, of which 497 were from Foreign ports. During the same period in 1838, the number of arrivals amounted to 10,498 of which 442 were from Foreign ports.—*Commercial List.*

Money Matters.—No change in our Money Market. Business and Stocks continue dull.—The feeling, however, is gradually improving.—We have also favorable accounts under this head, from New York. The Courier and Enquirer furnishes the following:

"An evident improvement has taken place in the state of trade and of the money market, since the departure of the Great Western. This improvement, however, does not exist in any increased activity in business, which the season of the year alone would prevent, but in the fact, that business has become narrowed down to the circumstances of the times, and that the position of our monied institutions is now one of established security, the amount of specie in their possession having increased to an extent, which places their ability to meet all demands for it, beyond a doubt. As a natural consequence, they have had it in their power materially to increase their discounts; money has thus been more easily obtained, and favorite securities have been sought after.

Tennessee.

A bill to make prompt disposion of the Bank, Improvement and River bonds, of Tennessee, in order more effectually to carry out the Bank and Improvement act of 1837-8, has been introduced into the Legislature of Tennessee.

The first section proposes so to amend the present law as to require the Banks to dispose of ALL the bonds issued by the Sate and to raise the interest to six per centum. The second section authorises the Bank to make the principal and interest of the bonds payable at such place or places, as will "best secure the interest and character of the State and of the Bank;" and directs the Governor to execute the bonds accordingly. The third and the last section proposes to apportion the proceeds of the bonds as fast as realised, equally to the Bank, Improvement and River interests, in the ratio of the whole amount of bonds authorised for each object. The bill is in compliance with the recommendation of Gov. Polk, and is intended to make the interest on the bonds payable in Europe.

Money at New Orleans.—The New Orleans Bulletin of the 20th ult. says:—"The market remains firm for every article but Cotton, since Saturday's report, with scarcely a varying price. Our news from the upper country continues unfavorable, there being at the last dates but twenty inches of water at the mouth of the Ohio river. Until that river is navigable, we cannot expect a brisk business for any other article but Cotton.

Specie at New Orleans, at the last dates, six and eight per cent. premium; U. S. Treasury Notes, do.; United States Bank notes, par and one per cent. prem. The Mobile Chronicle of the 22d, says—"Ninety thousand dollars were received, by the Branch Bank of the State in this city, by the steamboat Swan, from New Orleans last evening."

Specie Required.—The following is a copy of the circular addressed by the State Treasurer to the banks that have declared dividends since the suspension of specie payments:

Treasurer's Office,
Nov. 20, 1839.

Dear Sir—Enclosed, I return you a check on the Bank of the United States, it being for tax on the amount of dividend declared by the bank of which you are an officer.

I have two objections to receiving the check. The first is, the bank had no authority by law to declare a dividend during the suspension of specie payment; and second, the dividend declared in May will be required in *specie*. See act of 27th January, 1819.

Yours truly,
DAN'L STURGEGON, State Treasurer.
To —— ——Esq. Cashier.

Resumptions.

The Ohio Statesman mentions, that all the banks in that state had resumed specie payments.

The Newport Exchange Bank has resumed specie payments.

The Detroit Advertiser says: We are glad to hear it rumored that our banks intend soon to resume the payment of specie. It is their duty to do so, if doing so would would not endanger, more than benefit, the bill holders generally. No bank is justifiable in suspending but for the very best of reasons. The resumption of the banks in Ohio is all that is necessary to secure a resumption on the part of the banks of Michigan.

We presume that Michigan will now resume.

Virginia Banks.—The Richmond Compiler alludes to the meeting of the Virginia Legislature, and remarks:—"There is a good deal of anxiety about the course it will adopt touching the Banks. We feel little apprehension. If Chinese or Burmahs had to legislate for us we might feel apprehension; but so long as we have a legislature of Virginians we do not fear any sudden destruction of our best interests."

The Bank of Missouri.—A consultation has been held, by some of the merchants of St. Louis, with the Directors of the Bank, and it was supposed that some compromise would be effected in regard to their present difficulty. It ended, however, in the determination of the bank not to accede to the request to receive the depreciated bills of other banks at the nominal value.

Providence Banks.—The Providence Banks are making efforts to effect a resumption of specie payments. It appears that, unlike most of the other banks that have seen fit to violate their obligations, they have not taken advantage of the stoppage to expand their issues.

Spurious Notes.—Spurious Notes of the denomination of $5, on the Mechanics' Bank of Newark, N. J. are in circulation. They are altered from the bills of the Mechanics' Bank of St. Johns, Lower Canada, which is a fraudulent institution.

Late from Montevideo.

Advices from Montevideo, to the 18th of September, represent that an army of 5500 men, from the provinces of Entre Rios, Buenos Ayres and Corrientes, had crossed the river Negro about two hundred miles from that city, and were marching toward it. The Governor had marched out with an equal force to meet them. Eight hundred marines from the French squadron landed on the night of the 19th, to defend the town in case of the defeat of the Governor's forces.—If the army from Buenos Ayres should prove victorious, they would have possession of Montevideo, and there would be a blockade the same as at Buenos Ayres; but if defeated, there will be an immediate march into Buenos Ayres, and the result will be a revolution there, and a new Government; and the new party will accede to any thing the French demand, as their army have the aid of all the French forces there. It is thought that the last will be the result.

From 1500 to 2000 mounted Indians, who live on the plains between Chili and Buenos Ayres, have made an inroad into the latter place, within eighty leagues of the city, driving off large quantities of cattle and horses; and in an engagement with the troops and friendly Indians, entirely defeated them. The boats of the French squadron were defeated, with the loss of one launch, in attempting to burn some vessels at Point Indio, in a small river, about the 1st.—They lost some few men also.

Reported Capture of Matamoras by Texans.

The Texan schooner of war San Antonio arrived at New Orleans on the 20th ult. ten days from Galveston. She brings a report that Matamoras had been captured by the Texan army under Cols. Ross and Karnes. The report is said to have been brought by the Texan brig of war Colorado, just arrived at S. W. pass. The report is credited by the New Orleans Bulletin, for reasons stated, but needs confirmation.

The following from the New Orleans Courier of the 20th, adds strength to the report.

We have Havana papers to the 15th inst, which contains a Mexican official report of an attack made by the Federalists on the town of Guerrero, in the vicinity of the Rio del Norte, during the afternoon of the 24th of September. The commander of the place, Menchaca, asserts that with 200 men he beat back 400 Federalists under Zapata. In his doing this, however, he used up nearly all his powder, and writes for a supply and reinforcements. He states that the Federalists under Canales would be 1000 strong before long, and as they had taken some artillery, they might be able to carry all before them in the province, unless the government troops should be soon reinforced.

Twenty-Sixth Cong[ress]

Senate.—At 12 o'clo[ck] [illegible] to order by the Hon. W. [illegible] President pro. tem.—whe[n] [illegible] appeared in their seats.

The usual oath was a[dministered] to Messrs. Tappan, W[illegible] credentials had just bee[n] [illegible] Benton, Southard, and W[illegible] tials were presented at th[e] [illegible]

On motion of Mr. Wal[illegible]

Ordered, That the Sec[retary] [illegible] of Representatives that a [illegible] assembled, and that the [illegible] ceed to business.

On motion of Mr. Wr[ight] [illegible]

Resolved, That a com[mittee] [illegible] join such committee as m[ay] [illegible] part of the House of Rep[resentatives] [illegible] the President of the Un[ited States] [illegible] him that a quorum of th[e] [illegible] sembled, and that Congr[ess] [illegible] any communication he [illegible]

Messrs. Wright and A[illegible] committee on the part of [illegible]

On motion of Mr. Wr[ight] [illegible] furnishing Senators with [illegible] ceed the price of three d[illegible] to.

Small Notes in the Di[strict] [illegible] notice that, at the earlies[t] [illegible] be in order to do so, he [illegible] in a bill providing for the [illegible] the notes of the banks i[n] [illegible] bia, under the denominat[ion] [illegible]

On motion, the Senate [illegible]

House.—The House [illegible] ing at a very early hour, [illegible] seat on the floor was occ[upied] [illegible]

Precisely at 12, M. M[illegible] the last House, announce[d] [illegible] usual custom, he was [illegible] pleasure of the House, t[illegible] of members of the 26th [illegible]

After waiting sufficie[nt] [illegible] portunity to any one pre[illegible] rising for that purpose, th[e] [illegible] the list, commencing wit[h] [illegible] members answering as [illegible] Upon coming to the stat[e] [illegible] ed Joseph F. Randolph. [illegible] was conflicting evidence [illegible] tion of the other memb[ers] [illegible] asked if the House wo[uld] [illegible] over their names, and ca[ll] [illegible] states whose seats were [illegible]

Mr. Randolph then [illegible] the Governor's certificat[e] [illegible] Ayerigg.

The Clerk read the c[illegible]

Several members calle[d] [illegible] laws of New Jersey upo[n] [illegible] insisted that the facts sh[ould] [illegible] the law was read.

Mr. Rives, of Virgini[a] [illegible] be allowed to proceed, [illegible] bers. Mr. Halsted dem[illegible] tive of New Jersey, that [illegible] ed. He insisted that th[e] [illegible] presented by him was *pr[illegible]* *right* to a seat, and that [illegible] should be excluded until [illegible] ed, when he was willing [illegible] to petition for redress.

Several members insis[ted] [illegible] no right to examine into [illegible] Governor's certificate wa[s] [illegible]

Mr. Bynum, of N. C. [illegible] per time arrived, he shou[ld] [illegible] nor of N. J. had commit[ted] [illegible] rights of the people of h[illegible] certificates.

Mr. Galbraith, of Pe[nnsylvania] [illegible] proper course would be t[illegible] members whose seats w[ere] [illegible] House was organised.

It being now 4 o'clo[ck] [illegible] Mr. Mercer the House a[djourned] [illegible]

Second Day.—The o[illegible] passed over without a [illegible] House, and it is now im[illegible] Message may be expecte[d] [illegible] test about the New Je[rsey] [illegible] warmer and fiercer one [illegible] the members from this S[tate] [illegible] Ingersoll, who are prep[ared] [illegible] We sincerely think that [illegible] would be, to send the w[illegible] people. [illegible]

Saturday Morning Post.

EDITED BY
G. R. GRAHAM & J. R. DU BOLLE.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1839.

Cheap Literature—its character—its effects.

The present, if not the age of reason, is essentially, the age of cheap literature. Cheap literature, and the fine arts,—things which for years have held themselves aloof from the dull, ordinary, pursuits of human life, disdaining their existence, retired from the multitude, by the expense consequent upon their haughty acquaintance—literature and the fine arts, have been compelled to bow in the popular wicket, and jammy prints, penny cyclopedias, penny magazines, penny music, penny concerts, and penny engravings, have become the very characteristic of the times. This depreciation of the value of the fine arts—this withering of their right would appear to be in necessary consequence, but by no means deteriorated the advantages of its materiel. The penny magazines, so called, and the penny literature in general, are of a character worthy of all eulogium; and well bear comparison in point of intellectual development with their more expensive brethren of the, or any other age, without a prospect of disparagement. Concerts, which erst attired themselves in prince beyond the common grasp, are brought to the gift of humanity, and the most humble circumstances can command the presence of domestic music, either, in feeling, thought, appetite and opinion for innumerable years. What a theme for meditation! What a field for the philanthropist and the philosopher. Here stands a mighty army of human power, which, through the instrumentality of the press, may be consolidated, if appropriately wielded, to all and more, however of very many dexterous mind! For good, or for evil, the action were equally feasible, and equally certain in its results. The wind which wanders o'er our hills, disrobes the forest of its drapery, and coats earth's pocking nutritious with its refreshing breath, may as well, in the surging ocean be employ the tail, quivering ship, of its glittering attire, and

"The brave, and the beautiful—all that it bore
In the grim arms of the strong wave to shore."

in an instant hurry to a death as horrible, and unseemly, as it is ever premature. Such the mockery of cheap literature, and such the mischievous influence it may be made to exert. Why then are the philanthropists of our country idle in the good work? Do they not see what efforts they are speculating upon obscure points, and investigating occult difficulties, they are wasting their time, permitting sinister surgeries to attempt them in the full, and shadows, of our sun, the glorious conquest in morals, which if properly attempted, they have a right to hope for and expect? First impressions are anything but transient in their sense. Much good may be produced, much ill prevented, by an early occupation of the ground. The public ear is open: breathe into those sentiments you would have engraved, and let them be such as truth, justice, and integrity, may listen to without a shudder, or reproach. The whole economy of the body politic is open as it were for your experiment; beware in acting the physician, that you do not play it false. The poison will sooner taint the vast and complex frame, with irremediable death, than the wholesome medicament, however speedy, can course the vein ward path, with its life-renewing, spirit-stirring strength. Be cautious, therefore, in your administrations.

We have said that *cheap* literature, was destined to make an era in human existence. We have pointed out its importance, and the means by which beneficently or otherwise, it may and will be made to operate upon the business and the minds of men. Even now, through two mighty actions its ramifications extend in every imaginable direction, swallowing up all other things in its immensity, and impressing upon all matter, its own peculiar characteristics. On every side may be ascertainable of the fact. The public taste, and the public opinion, those difficult-to-be-controlled, but massive agents, have succumbed to this new power; and we cannot move without reading new creations, without listening to new ideas, or novel combinations of old ones, all of them the result of the cheap, and general diffusion of the products of the press. What till the whole earth to thus infected; till all its nations, its people, thirsting for knowledge, be thus saturated, 'earth and sea could easily be the result of there, who will deny that a new era has been formed? Who will not feel that this must be the true lever of Archimedes, through the instrumentality of which a point again may move—"the whole world round."

In a country like ours, where the popular voice is literally the sovereign; where the laws, institutions, and governments, are administered by the hands of those who voluntarily place them selves under, and necessarily require, their protection and restraint, cheap literature must exercise a stupendous and unparalleled control. How careful then, should we be, of the character, how practitious in our scrutiny of the suggestions, of the press! Knowledge, sound sense, judicious reasoning, principles, and fascinating views of truth, should be everywhere disseminated. To aid in this glorious work, there should be no tax on publications—no putting restrictions upon the light of heaven might as well be taxed, as that mental light by which a people may be enabled to distinguish the path of wisdom, from the path of guilt; and it will fall basely on that legislator, who by ejecting but a straw in the way of popular knowledge, shall have roasted the progress of error, or added but one item to the dark catalogue of crime!

We are Opposed to Theatres

Now, that we have assumed the management of the Saturday Evening Post, we wish our readers to understand that we are, and ever have been, opposed to theatres as conducted in this country. We consider them as the most fruitful source of crime, profligacy, and misery to be found in our Christian land, and we have resolved that from them shall be excited against them. *They shall never be noticed in this paper but for the purpose of censure.* We believe that in management, they are so radically wrong, that nothing good can be said of them, with truth and justice, and we shall not, therefore, prostitute our press to uphold them. We do not, then, fear the censure of our readers will quarrel with us for assuming this position, and even if they should, we owe something to the cause of humanity and morality, which we shall never shrink from meeting. We boast of a circulation among a class of subscribers, who "care nothing for such things," and we believe that as a general rule we shall be consulting the taste of our readers, while we are following the dictates of our reason and inclination. Hereafter, [illegible] prose, therefore may be supposed to [illegible] things on this subject.

OUR TABLE.

The English Annuals.

We learn from the London Liverpool Correspondent of the Star, that these beautiful Ephemera of Art and Letters will be in pretty full force this season.—We shall give our readers several fine pieces from these annuals. They are well edited. Foremost is *The Forget Me Not*, the oldest of this class in England. 2. *The Picturesque Annual*, edited by Leitch Ritchie. It will contain a literary contribution of Warwick Castle, with an equestrian portrait of the Queen; interior and architectural views of St. George's Chapel, St. George's Hall, and the Waterloo Gallery, and general views of Windsor and Eton. *The Keepsake*, edited by that beauty pocketer, Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, and illustrated by Leslie, Chalon, Stephanoff, &c. 4. *The Book of Beauty*, edited by Lady Blessington, with twelve portraits of lovely ladies. 5. *Gems of Beauty*, with twelve fancy illustrations by Corbould, and verses by Lady Blessington. 6. The third series of *Portraits of the Children of the Nobility*, edited by Mrs. Fairlie. 7. *Finden's Tableaux*, edited by Miss Mitford. 8. *The Oriental Annual*, edited by Mr. Montgomery. 9. *The Little Forget Me Not*, a love token for children. 10. *The Comic Almanac*. 11. Hood's *Comic Annual*. 12. *A Gift from Fairy Land*, a series of Fairy Legends, profusely embellished, in the style of Rogers' Italy, with 100 fanciful and illustrative etchings.

These may be called Annuals *proper*. Much of the same kind will be an illustrated edition of Elia Cook's poems, and a quizzes and a half poem by Lady Blessington, called The Idle Tale of a Needle, with the illustrations by Chalon. Also works, except the Forget Me Not and Hood's Comic Annual, belong to Charles Heath, the engraver, and will require at least £20,000 to start them.

"Hunt's Rhymsakers' Magazine," is a work which no gentleman interested in commercial enterprise should acknowledge himself without. The December number, before us, is replete with well-written and perspicuous articles on Mercantile Law, Insurance, Literature, and Biography. From the hasty glance which we have been able to take of the numbers in this practical character, of the "Hints on the Construction of Marine Policies," by E. W. Stoughton, Esq. and would earnestly recommend the perusal of the hints to all who meddle with maritime adventures. The "Law Cases" given, are of a pre-eminently useful nature, and will be found generally interesting. The "Anniversary Poem," although upon a subject which we had deemed inimical to poetic feeling, is certainly good. *J. W. Stonemill*, agent, 47 Arcade, Philadelphia.

"Sketches of the Life and Character of Patrick Henry," by William Wirt. This is a revised edition, with headings to each chapter, and a new arrangement of the notes to suit the volume for schools. We need say nothing in relation to the merits of the work itself, or to the been long before the public, with the seal of approbation emphatically stamped upon its name. The present edition contains many improvements, not one of which are unimportant, or useless.—We presume, therefore, it will become, as it merits, a favorite with all who value an acquaintance with the history of noble times and noble and heroic deeds. The mechanical execution and appearance are highly creditable. *Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co.* Philadelphia, publishers.

The Gentleman's Magazine," for December, is upon our table, containing a cut of "the Capitol—seen of the Mississippi," illustrating a tale from the pen of the editor, reprinted in the magazine, from the annual, edited by Mr. Poe, entitled "Conversations of Eiros and Charmion," a metaphysical paper on "Predestination," from J. M. Head, Esq. with several well-written articles in prose and verse. The reviews of the month, reviews the taste, and judgment, and sense of them the severity, for which Mr. Poe is distinguished.

"Advice to Females," by Dr. A. C. Draper, we have not had time to examine. From the heads of which have the least regard for the moral welfare of their gentler offspring. It is a vile production, and is calculated to induce the suspicion of the very thing against which the author so eloquently declaims. Out upon such hypocrisy!

"Lectures on the Discovery of America, by the Northmen," by A. Davis.—This pamphlet contains information useful and interesting, and would be read by every American. It gives the evidence in a condensed form of the claims of the Northmen to the discovery of our continents. Mr. Davis proposes a course of lectures in this city upon the subject.

"Keith's Arithmetic," professes to be a practical and self-explanatory one, in which the mental and didactic plans are combined, so as to form a plain system for all practical purposes.—We like it, and shall make further use of it in our juvenile department. *Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co.* Philadelphia, publishers.

"Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," by *E. A. Poe, Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard.*—These volumes contain the collected and republished articles of Mr. Poe. They are strongly infused with the German spirit, a metaphysical style to which the writer is evidently attached.

Bulwer's New Play.—Turner & Fisher, of this city, have published the new drama of Bulwer, entitled the "Sea Captain." The play is a composition, partakes of the gorgeous style of the writer, and may answer very well to read in the closet.

"Sergeant Bell" is a book for children, full of cute, and pleasant stories. It will be a favorite Christmas present. *H. Perkins*, Philadelphia, publisher.

"The Family Cabinet" is a compendium of entertaining and useful knowledge. It may be read with profit. *F. C. Wilson*, Philadelphia, publisher.

Mercantile Library Lectures.

Professor Vethake's letter before the Mercantile Library Company, on Friday evening, was one of the ablest of the course. The subject was "The Instructive Character of the Political Philosopher and the Statesman." The subject was somewhat too profound for a miscellaneous audience.

An outline, said the lecturer, has been attempted of the functions which the statesman is required, by science and an enlightened patriotism, to perform. And very often, indeed, is it that he comes far short of the standard thus established, and that he forcibly reminds one of the saying of the celebrated chancellor of Sweden, when sending his son to congress of ambassadors: "go and see with what little wisdom the affairs of the world are managed."—But many public men do not even profess to have any political principles to guide them in their course, and who may be truly said to have no opinions at all, excepting, that a measure is expedient, or inexpedient, exactly in proportion as it is fitted to promote or defend their own interests, or, at most, the immediate interests of their party; those of their country and mankind, in their estimation, being accounted for nothing!—It is, moreover, lamentable to think that men of this description do not always constitute the worst or most dangerous class of politicians.—Disposed, as they are, to acquiesce in the prevailing opinions of their party, concerning measures, [illegible] of a party character, they are, [illegible] to be read by every [illegible] to promote as to retard the [illegible] declared it to be his object [illegible] the doctrines of the [illegible] such contracted view as these; and to endeavor to draw the line between his province and that of the statesman, so as to point out the duties which they respectively owe to their fellow men.

The lecturer commenced, among the sources to which the political philosopher looks with confidence for aid in his efforts to improve the condition of his fellow men, the more extensive diffusion of the blessings of christianity; and the general and increasing prevalence of education in the world. His argument on these points we cannot find space here to present. The whole lecture was entirely too philosophical and profound for a popular audience; it was an able affair, and reflected high credit upon the mind of the lecturer.

Athenian Institute Lectures.

Dr. Bell delivered the lecture before the Athenian Institute, on Monday evening last, upon the subject of "Physiognomy." He denounced the doctrine of Lavater, and left the "human face divine" in the obscurity of its original "fair." He spoke of the advantages of the study of Physiognomy to the poet and painter, and condemned the power of the man familiar with the science, to read the heart. He said it was idle to be said to be a fair prospect now of this faithful old defender of his country, receiving the just and well-merited reward of his gallant, though long unrequited services.

Docetic Assert.—On Friday last, a young man was taken before Alderman Mansfield, on a charge of having passed a counterfeit five dollar note. The facts of the case appear to be the following. The defendant sold a pair of boots, and received in change a note which he subsequently proved to be counterfeit, and changed. The person of whom he sold it was in consequence in confusion to the boots that says there was a baiting—or that John did it. Sure, and he's my darling child. All that is left of the sweet head that I, Mag M'Carty, would be even harming, or thinking the harm of. I tell ye, Mr. Gentleman Mayor, there was niver a baiting! Both parties were permitted to go.

Counterfeit Coin.—Jacob Egly, the young man who had been indicted at the last term for passing counterfeit half dollars, was brought into court by a hearing, on Saturday morning at 11 o'clock, upon a habeas corpus. He offered as bail the Messrs. McMullen, brothers, and machinists in Kensington. The bail, however, not being sufficiently satisfactory to the court (which showed every disposition to be lenient toward the young man, who has a mother and wife dependant upon him for support), he was remanded to prison. It is understood that the poor fellow has been led astray by the counsel of some greater villain.

A Little Fourpence.—The Ledger, says a male white child, supposed to be about two weeks old, was found on the steps of a house in Parish st. near Elizabeth st. on Friday evening last.—The little fellow was warmly wrapped up, and had a sugar teat in his mouth. A bundle of clothes was stowed away in a market basket by its unnatural parents. The little stranger was taken in charge, and kindly treated by a female in the neighborhood. Since then he has found a home with a Mrs. Miller, in Tammany st. who has adopted it into her family; she having no children living.

Noble Enterprise.—The New York Signal states that the Society of Friends have purchased a three story building near Pictou, with a hundred acres of land attached to it, for a mutual school. The object is to give a practical education of which Joseph John Gurney gave two hundred and fifty pounds when he was in this country. The Friends have at present a number of schools which have taken an exalted rank, as seminaries of sound and wholesome learning.

In Love with an Actress.—The Times states that it has received a note from some gentleman deeply enamored of Miss W. who begs to be informed in what manner he may obtain an introduction.

The writer must be insane. Fall in love with actress! A gentleman, who, for reasons best known to himself, chooses to conceal his name, has favored us with a communication, in which he says that the writer of the Jury—death by taking lunar. tone.

Losing a Finger.—On Sunday morning, about 9 o'clock, a lad by the name of Thomas Layton, employed in the rope manufactory of Mr. Baunet Thomas, in Front street, below the Navy Yard, had his hand caught in some part of the machinery, and one of his fingers torn off. He was otherwise injured, and therefore was conveyed to the Hospital.

The Case of Dr. Dyott.—A rule has been granted by the Supreme Court, to have all the papers and evidence in this case brought before that tribunal. The case will now undergo another scrutinizing investigation, and if the Court see fit to sustain the exceptions to this indictment, Dyott will have to be tried a second time.

Free Negro Lost in Durham.—We are gratified to state that the negro Archer is now taking on board 150 negroes, bound from this city to the plantations in one of the British W. I. islands, where they are protected, in receiving hard some wages there for their labor.

Attempt to Rob.—The office of the collector on the east end of the Columbia Railroad, near Broad street, was forcibly entered on Saturday evening, and the drawers and chests closely examined. No arrests, however, obtained including for their pains.

Pocket Picked.—A gentleman of Lancaster county, named M. J. Hirwaicker, had his pocket picked at the Museum, on Wednesday night, 27th ult. of $750, principally in 50s of the Lebanon and Lancaster Bank, and 20s of the Bank of Pennsylvania.

A Court Martial.—A court martial has been ordered to convene in this city, for the trial of Commodore Elliot. Commodore Warring has will retain President of the court.

Fire Among the Newspapers.—The fire on Saturday morning was in the office of the U. S. Gazette, but was gotten under way, before any serious or material damage was effected.

GIFT NEWS.

An old Tar in Distress.

There were 36 vagrants committed to Moyamensing, by Alderman Tatt, of Southwark, since the 14th of January to the 30th of September, 1839. Now the whole of this number served out their full time, and none of them were ever committed a second time by the Alderman for the same offence. One, an old tar, named Charles Morris, who had fought under Commodore Macdonough, and lost a leg in the battle of Lake Champlain, was committed some time in September last for vagrancy. He was in a state of complete destitution, and, as he himself expressed it,—"too honest and honorable to steal, and yet too proud to beg." It appeared that the poor old fellow had applied for a pension, and though his name was found upon the roster of the vessel to which he belonged, yet owing to the difficulty of proving his identity, he had not been successful. As soon as he had served out his "30 days," he made his case known to some of the officers at our Navy Yard, who, in the kindest manner, rendered him every assistance in their power, and we are happy to state that there is said to be a fair prospect now of this faithful old defender of his country, receiving the just and well-merited reward of his gallant, though long unrequited services.

Docetic Arrest.—On Friday last, a young man was taken before Alderman Mansfield, on a charge of having passed a counterfeit five dollar note. The facts of the case appear to be the following. The defendant sold a pair of boots, and received in change a note which he subsequently proved to be counterfeit, and changed. The person of whom he sold it was in consequence in confusion to the boots that says there was a baiting—or that John did it. Sure, and he's my darling child. All that is left of the sweet head that I, Mag M'Carty, would be even harming, or thinking the harm of. I tell ye, Mr. Gentleman Mayor, there was niver a baiting! Both parties were permitted to go.

Counterfeit Coin.—Jacob Egly, the young man who had been indicted at the last term for passing counterfeit half dollars, was brought into court by a hearing, on Saturday morning at 11 o'clock, upon a habeas corpus. He offered as bail the Messrs. McMullen, brothers, and machinists in Kensington. The bail, however, not being sufficiently satisfactory to the court (which showed every disposition to be lenient toward the young man, who has a mother and wife dependant upon him for support), he was remanded to prison. It is understood that the poor fellow has been led astray by the counsel of some greater villain.

A Little Fourpence.—The Ledger, says a male white child, supposed to be about two weeks old, was found on the steps of a house in Parish st. near Elizabeth st. on Friday evening last.—The little fellow was warmly wrapped up, and had a sugar teat in his mouth. A bundle of clothes was stowed away in a market basket by its unnatural parents. The little stranger was taken in charge, and kindly treated by a female in the neighborhood. Since then he has found a home with a Mrs. Miller, in Tammany st. who has adopted it into her family; she having no children living.

Noble Enterprise.—The New York Signal states that the Society of Friends have purchased a three story building near Pictou, with a hundred acres of land attached to it, for a mutual school. The object is to give a practical education of which Joseph John Gurney gave two hundred and fifty pounds when he was in this country. The Friends have at present a number of schools which have taken an exalted rank, as seminaries of sound and wholesome learning.

In Love with an Actress.—The Times states that it has received a note from some gentleman deeply enamored of Miss W. who begs to be informed in what manner he may obtain an introduction.

The writer must be insane. Fall in love with actress! A gentleman, who, for reasons best known to himself, chooses to conceal his name, has favored us with a communication, in which he says that the writer of the Jury—death by taking lunar. tone.

Losing a Finger.—On Sunday morning, about 9 o'clock, a lad by the name of Thomas Layton, employed in the rope manufactory of Mr. Baunet Thomas, in Front street, below the Navy Yard, had his hand caught in some part of the machinery, and one of his fingers torn off. He was otherwise injured, and therefore was conveyed to the Hospital.

The Case of Dr. Dyott.—A rule has been granted by the Supreme Court, to have all the papers and evidence in this case brought before that tribunal. The case will now undergo another scrutinizing investigation, and if the Court see fit to sustain the exceptions to this indictment, Dyott will have to be tried a second time.

Free Negro Lost in Durham.—We are gratified to state that the negro Archer is now taking on board 150 negroes, bound from this city to the plantations in one of the British W. I. islands, where they are protected, in receiving hard some wages there for their labor.

Attempt to Rob.—The office of the collector on the east end of the Columbia Railroad, near Broad street, was forcibly entered on Saturday evening, and the drawers and chests closely examined. No arrests, however, obtained including for their pains.

Pocket Picked.—A gentleman of Lancaster county, named M. J. Hirwaicker, had his pocket picked at the Museum, on Wednesday night, 27th ult. of $750, principally in 50s of the Lebanon and Lancaster Bank, and 20s of the Bank of Pennsylvania.

A Court Martial.—A court martial has been ordered to convene in this city, for the trial of Commodore Elliot. Commodore Warring has will retain President of the court.

Fire Among the Newspapers.—The fire on Saturday morning was in the office of the U. S. Gazette, but was gotten under way, before any serious or material damage was effected.

"So notes were the House!—In the Criminal Court, on Saturday, a moral true took place for a paten of dollars, between a small boy named Enoch Morse, Constable Simpson, of Shockley, and Constable Snyder, of Penn Township. The contest arose out of a reward that was offered for the recovery of certain horses, stolen by that notorious thief and new convict, Haden. The first plea, was presented to the Court by Benjamin Say, Esq. on behalf of Mr. Simpson, who claimed the reward as his exclusive right. The claim of the boy was then put in by J. Hall Brady, who declared his client to be entitled to the full amount of the reward, as he first gave notice of the thief and property to Mr. Simpson, by whom they were taken in custody. The Court here decided, that the reward should be considered between the boy and the officer, Mr. Simpson. Hardly had the orders rolled over the lips of the judge, when the stepped another claimant.—Abel Richardson was in the field, in the person of Constable Snyder, whose bin counsel, Mr. R. M. Lee, thought was equally entitled to a slice of the disputed pudding. The Court, however, decided that the money appointed next Saturday for a final decision of this mysterious affair.

Perhaps the judge will keep the money, and divide the honor among the claimants.

Roasted Humble.—On Thursday morning, the 28th ult. between 12 and 1 o'clock, the tailor shop of Messrs. Westerhood and Keeler, No. 8 Frankford Road, Kensington, was entered, and, with the exception of a single piece of goods, which had been left to be made up, and which was to have been a cash job, was robbed of its entire contents. Suspicion falling upon a young man named Charles A. Chase, he was taken the evening arrested, and taken before Mayor Conrad, when he testified upon oath that the whole matter was concocted by himself, and that he was employed at his (Keeler's) particular request, and by his permission, merely as his tool, the reward for which, was to have been, a suit of clothes.—On the night of the robbery Keeler took the goods by him his partner, but left the door open, and so arranged matters as to leave the impression that false keys were used. The goods were also arrested, but remained perfectly silent, and did not attempt to defend himself. He is quite young, but lately married, and was much respected.

Master and Apprentice.—On Saturday last a cross suit was tried in this city, in which Mr. Thomas Bell, master tailor, sued Geo. Page, his apprentice, were alternately plaintiff and defendant. The original suit was for damages, and the complaint was, that his apprentice, a young man about 19 years of age, absented himself upon several occasions from his premises, and was otherwise unruly and disobedient. The apprentice insisted that the treatment of his master was not that designated by the letter of the law.

The suit was not decided, but both were evidently in the wrong. The master was harsh, and the apprentice imprudent.

Arrest of a Counterfeiter.—A fellow calling himself James W Whitaker, was arrested at the Circus on Tuesday week, by officer Delany, on suspicion of being concerned in an extensive circulation of counterfeit money. He is a native of Oswego, New York. He was searched, and upon his person were found several notes of the same stamp. The evidence being of a conclusive character, the Recorder held him to answer the charge in the sum of $1500, in default of which he was committed. We learn that he was recognised by the officers as an old offender.

Our Tobacco Warehouse.—There have been 2531 hogsheads of tobacco received in the city warehouse for the present season, ending on the 30th ult. 500 are now in store. During the last year the number was 2876, there were 4370 hogsheads inspected from the crop.

About $10,000 were paid last year to the superintendents of the above establishment for inspection.

Steep Theft.—A watchman of the Northern Liberties, succeeded in discovering a man whom he suspected of a theft, on Saturday morning.—He immediately ran after the chap, who started off in a hard run, but in running dropped a bundle.—The fellow got off, but the bundle was taken to Mayor Conrad's office, and found to contain a pair of canvass and one pair of blue cloth trousers, a white flannel vest, one pair of flannel drawers, six shirts, three pair of shoes, one shaving box, razor and brush.

An Everlasting Title.—An individual on Monday was brought before the Recorder, for some petty offence, who when asked his name, affirmed that it was Mr. "Everlasting Whole Hog and Steamboat George Washington Lafayette Hezekiah Nicodemus Nebuchadnezzar Olympus Cæsar Julius Augustus Belshazzar Bacchus Richard Rawsley Markseth Hickory Mc. O. E. M. H. O. W. L. H. N. N. O. C. J. A. B. B. R. R. M. Mogowin, was sent below as insane.

Accident and Narrow Escape.—On Sunday afternoon about 1 o'clock, as a full rigged ship which was heating up the Delaware, commenced firing a salute, the wadding of one of the guns, a steam ferry boat, badly injuring her railing and doing other damage. Several persons who were crossing in the ferry boat at the time were severely crushed to death, and others, from the excitement, narrowly escaped being precipitated into the river.

Robbing a Judge.—During the last week, some body has either stolen or taken as their own, a pair of boots belonging to Judge Ross, of this city. His Honor, it is said, don't much relish the joke. The thief is either a consummate wag, or a unmitigated knave. To steal under the very eyes of Justice!—how then Justice is always represented *blindfolded*.

Woolen Affair.—Hannah Nice, who indicted at the present term, a Mr. Wilson Gregory, for an indictable assault, and who was nonsuited by the jury and directed to pay the costs of prosecution and not appearing, the clerk was ordered to enter her recognizance as forfeited.

So much for false swearing. She was say to sing but a nice woman.

Entrapped by his Love.—A man named David Lewis, was arrested on Saturday last, for a sweet-heart, for stealing. On Friday he was finally committed to Moyamensing to answer the charge as the principal.—Constable Gonsalus, of Harding, his betrayer, entered the usual amount of recognizance, to appear and testify against him.

Nothing Made by the Mott.—James W. Rosewell, alias John Creamer, who removed his case from Baltimore city, on indictment for larceny, has been convicted. Mr. Rosewell of Brunswell has been discontinued in consequence of the severe indisposition of the accused, whose health is now in a very precarious condition.

Robbery below stairs.—The cellar No. 211 Walnut street, was entered on the night of the 29th ult. and robbed of sundry spoons, plated candlesticks and snuffers. Information has been left at the Mayor's office, but no clue to the robbers has been yet obtained.

A Thief.—On Thursday morning, a fellow was detected in the act of stealing a pair of boots.—The feeling, however, is gradually improving.—We have also favorable accounts under this head, from New York. The Courier and Enquirer furnishes the following:

"An evident improvement has taken place in the state of trade and of the money market, since the departure of the Great Western. This improvement, however, does not exist in any increased activity in business, which the season of the year alone would prevent, but in the fact, that business has become narrowed down to the circumstances of the times, and that the position of our monied institutions is now one of unbroken security, the unusual si specie in their possession having increased to an extent, which places their ability to meet all demands for it, beyond a doubt. As a natural consequence, they have had it in their power materially to increase their discounts; money has thus been more easily obtained, and favorite securities have been sought after.

Tennessee.

A bill to make prompt disposition of the Bank, Improvement and Internal Improvement debt, more effectually to carry out the Bank and Improvement act of 1837-8, has been introduced into the Legislature of Tennessee.

The first section proposes so to amend the present law as to require the Banks to dispose of all the bonds issued by the State and to raise the interest to six per centum. The second section authorizes the Bank to make the principal and interest of the bonds payable at such place or places, as will "best secure the interest and character of the State and of the Bank;" and directs the Governor to execute the bonds accordingly. The third and the last section proposes to appropriate the proceeds of the bonds so to be realized, equally to the Bank, Improvement and River interests, in the ratio of the whole amount of bonds authorized for each object. We have not the complete plans with the recommendation of Gov. Polk, and is intended to make the interest on the bonds payable in Europe.

Money at New Orleans.—The New Orleans Bulletin of the 20th ult. says:—"The market has been quiet for specie, but on Thursday and Saturday's report, with scarcely a varying price. Our news from the upper country continues unfavourable, there being at the last dates but twenty inches of water at the mouth of the Ohio river. Until that river is navigable, we cannot expect a brisk business for any other article but Cotton.

Specie at New Orleans, at the last dates, six and eight per cent. premium; U. S. Treasury Notes, dis; United States Bank notes, par and one per cent. discount; Virginia, North Carolina, 22d, say—" Ninety thousand dollars were received, by the Branch Bank of the State in this city, by the steamboat Swan, from New Orleans last evening."

Senate Returns.—The following is a copy of the circular addressed by the State Treasurer to the banks that have declared dividends since the suspension of specie payments:

Treasurer's Office,
Nov. 20, 1839.

Dear Sir—Enclosed, I return you a check on the Bank of the United States, it being for an amount of dividend declared by the bank of which you are an officer.

I have two objections to receiving the check. The first is, the bank is in default, and has no right to declare a dividend during the suspension of specie payment; and second, the dividend declared in May will be required in *specie*. See act of 27th January, 1840.

Yours, &c.
DAN'L STURGEON, State Treasurer.
To ——, Esq. Cashier.

Resumptions.

The Ohio Statesman mentions, that all the banks in that state had resumed specie payments. The Newport Exchange Bank has resumed specie payments.

The Detroit Advertiser says: We are glad to hear it rumored that our banks intend soon to resume the payment of specie. It is their duty to do so, if doing so will enable them to redeem, more than benefit, the bill holders generally. No bank is justifiable in suspending but for the very last extremity. The resumption of the banks in Ohio is all that is necessary to insure a resumption on the part of the banks of Michigan.

We presume that Michigan will now resume.

Virginia Banks.—The Richmond Compiler alludes to the meeting of the Virginia Legislature, which commences on the 2d of next month. Anxiety about the course it will adopt touching the Banks. We feel little apprehension. If Governor Rencher recommends to say what his Message may be expected. As soon as to the next about the New Jersey members as ex- pected to be present. We will only say that the members from this State, Messrs. Nayle & Ingersoll, who are prepared for a hard contest. We sincerely think that the most proper course would be, to send the whole of them back to people.

When the House met the Clerk read the previous session to state the cause which he could his duty required him to adopt. In reply to the members, he expressed how ex- sensible he was of the responsibility cast upon him, and that he would contribute all in his power to the early and proper discharge of his duties, and before God and his country. He assured them that his only object was to ex- fairly, impartially, and to the best interests of the subject, he had come to a conclusion as to the time and mode of presenting the subject itself, and all the difficult questions connected with it, which would be submitted to the House for its own justification, that he might be prepared to make a statement of the grounds on which he had acted thus far.

Mr. Allen, Jr. contended that it was the duty of the Clerk to call the names of the few members from New Jersey, returned by the Governor of that State, and that the Constitutionality re- sult, at present remains in mystery.

Mr. Wise, in reply to the last speaker, contended that the Clerk was not the constitutional agent to decide upon the validity of the returns of members in the city of Camden, and when first elected, declared, it was hopefully entertained that the in- would be restored to their seats. He, therefore, moved to execute them. Mr. Wise said that in case of the death of the Governor, the Secretary of State would be entitled to the city, where he was able to make out a statement, as he and a number of other gentlemen were desirous of hearing what he had to advance as a reason for not performing a duty, which, by law and usage, he was bound to perform.

This discussion continued, various motions having been put to it, without coming to any result, when a motion was made to adjourn until 12 o'clock, the next day, which was carried, and the motion being carried, the house adjourned.

Western Bank, [illegible]
Philad. Dec. 4, 1839, 10 o'clock, A. M. 5

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of this bank, held yesterday afternoon and evening, they entered into a full examination of the state of their discounted, and found all correct with the exception of a deficit in the Cashier's funds of [illegible] thousand dollars, (for which his sureties are liable.)

Thomson, Penn's, Geo. W. Todd,
Lloyd, J. Morr Mose,
Wilkinson, Wm. Eisler,
Ellis, Thos. J. Maxwell,
Morris Patterson.

It is said that the sum stated above as a deficit, has been vested in the stock of the Bank of St. Israel, as Cashier of the Western Bank. He absconded, leaving behind him a letter of his recovery.

An Outrage.

A practical exemplification of the lengths to which party feeling will carry men, was made in the city of Louisville, on Saturday last. Some remarks, have from time to time appeared in a political paper of that place, which brought down the vengeance of Lynch law upon the heads of the editors, between Mr. Jones, a [illegible] superintendent of the Louisville and [illegible] and Mr. B. W. Middleton, the editor of the [illegible] (the Herald and Examiner,) which resulted in the chastisement of the latter.

This is so much exasperated her husband, that, meeting Middleton, the editor of that paper, he seized him by the collar and shook him most severely. A short time after, Mr. Cameron went round for the purpose, as he stated, of inducing upon explanation, he believe, and declaring that he demanded an explanation. Middleton, muttering a few words, drew a pistol, and fired

Twenty-Sixth Congress—First Session.

Monday, Dec. 2, 1839.

Senate.—At 12 o'clock, the Senate was called to order by the Hon. W. R. King, of Alabama, President pro tem., when twenty-eight Senators appeared in their seats.

The usual oath was administered by the chair to Messrs. Tappan, White, and Betts, whose credentials had just been read; and to Messrs. Buxton, Southard, and Williams, whose credentials were presented at the last session.

On motion of Mr. Walker,

Ordered, That the Secretary inform the House of Representatives that a quorum of the Senate is assembled, and that the Senate is ready to proceed to business.

On motion of Mr. Wright,

Resolved, That a committee be appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to wait on the President of the United States, and inform him that a quorum of the two Houses had assembled, and that Congress is ready to receive any communication he may make; whereupon,

Messrs. Wright and Allen were appointed the committee on the part of the Senate.

Mr. Bates, of the house of Reringe, was sworn in Paris, attempting to make arrangements to the United States Bank.

Great excitement was produced in London on the arrival of the Liverpool on the 7th ult. in the suspension of the United States Bank.

The panic was in proportions in London and America, to raise a loan for the benefit of the United States Bank, have failed entirely.—yet it is to be hoped that most of his bills will be paid.

Dreadful Occurrence.—The soldiers in the Pennsylvania workers in Monmouthshire, to the number of several thousands, organised as Chartists in the hills of Blackwood, and marched into the town about 9 o'clock on the morning of November 5th, with the intention to plunder and lay waste the town and murder all who opposed them. Part of the 45th Regiment were stationed at the Westgate Inn, and stopped their progress. A bloody fight took place, 30 or 40 Chartists were killed, and 40 or 50 wounded. Several houses in Newport was shot in the grass; several shopkeepers and soldiers were badly wounded. The Chartists were armed with guns and pikes, many were headed by Frost, a Mayor of Newport, and about 200 prisoners have been taken and many committed for high treason. The Queen sent a letter to the Mayor of Newport, thanking him for his activity and courage. The Chartists expected all the manufacturing districts to rise if they had taken Newport.

SATURDAY EVENING POST

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &C.

$2 per annum—$1 if paid in advance.

Subscriptions to be received for a fixed time before addressed to the Post Office [illegible] and if [illegible] to stop it.

Agents will please endorse their letters to that effect when they remit.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half yearly subscription, unless at the option of the publishers.

Letters containing remittances must be post paid.

Small Bank notes and Bank Notes received in payment at par.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances and to send in new names as early in the month as possible. They should always give names and [illegible] post office to which they have been sending, and if they wish to discontinue, will be entitled to six copies.

Persons wishing to have papers sent to their address, or to subscribe, will be entitled to six copies.

Persons wishing to have papers sent to their address, or to subscribe, will be entitled to six copies.

Postmasters are requested to act as agents for this paper, and to write on the paper it is to be addressed.

To Correspondents.

M. D. N.' must pay more attention to rhyme, or it will never be a poet.

A. F. C. Another article in our [illegible] will pay the postage. We must [illegible] Hon. however, is not [illegible]

J. R. C.' is over welcome. Our compositors, however, find [illegible] manuscript. His transcripts, we presume, are made somewhat hastily.

[illegible] Messrs. Samuel F. Stevenson and John [illegible] are now on a collecting tour through Virginia and North Carolina. We have seen their receipts for [illegible] them courteously, and be provided with small change for [illegible] Stevenson & Co. We feel [illegible] to [illegible] following a custom, that we feel ourself [illegible] don't feel it in their hearts to refuse him.—no matter how [illegible] will say this though, gentlemen. We can't spare him.

C. P. Ambrose Lanyer, Esq. is respectfully requested to act as agent for the Saturday Evening Post, at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Lemonade, and vicinity, and subscribers of [illegible] are desired to pay the amount [illegible] for either to him.

[illegible] A Clerk will inform us at what Post Office [illegible] his paper, his request shall be complied with.

Our First Appearance.

The subscribers will receive the SATURDAY EVENING POST for the NINETEENTH VOLUME of the Saturday Evening Post is not exactly what we could have wished to [illegible] notwithstanding our exertions we could not obtain all of the type for which we had contracted, and consequently we present a generally new, and yet partially old exterior. Its necessarily hurried production, has also contributed largely to many of our [illegible] Next week we shall, we hope, have made several improvements; and can safely promise [illegible] combining plainness, neatness, perspicuity, and as much elegance as the [illegible] of the subject, he had come to a conclusion as to the time and mode of presenting the subject itself, and all the difficult questions connected with it, which would be submitted to the House for its own justification, that he might be prepared to make a statement of the grounds on which he had acted thus far.

Mr. Allen, Jr. contended that it was the duty of the Clerk to call the names of the few members from New Jersey, returned by the Governor of that State, and that the Constitutionality result, at present remains in mystery.

Mr. Wise, in reply to the last speaker, contended that the Clerk was not the constitutional agent to decide upon the validity of the returns of members in the city of Camden, and when first elected, declared, it was hopefully entertained that the in- would be restored to their seats. He, therefore, moved to execute them. Mr. Wise said that in case of the death of the Governor, the Secretary of State would be entitled to the city, where he was able to make out a statement, as he and a number of other gentlemen were desirous of hearing what he had to advance as a reason for not

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

[illegible] per annum—$2 if paid in advance: $1.25 in advance—[illegible] months.

Postmasters are requested to forward their letters addressed to "Post Office, Philadelphia," and to see that Postmasters and Agents will please endorse their letters with their names and Post Office—[illegible] will not be taken from the Post office unless [illegible] are paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year.

Remittances may be made at the risk of the publisher, if sent in small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received on payment of Postage.

Agents are extremely solicited to make quick remittances.

Letters on business must be addressed to the publisher.

Agents should always give names and time paid for.

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, from one post office to another, will be entitled to six copies.

Subscribers wishing their papers stopped at the office removed to, or will say to which the paper is to be addressed.

To Correspondents.

M. D. N.—We may more attention to rhythm, or let it never be a poet.

J. C.—Where to send another article to our address to pay the postage. We never publish an article how good when this is neglected. But, however, is not [illegible]

J. B. C.—is ever welcome. Our remuneration, however, is not [illegible] Its transcription. We prefer, are made somewhat hastily.

[illegible] Agents, Messrs. Samuel F. Stevenson and John C. Clark, are now authorized to receive subscriptions through Virginia and Kentucky. We hope that our subscribers will continue to act courteously, and be rewarded with small change for their trouble. We have no doubt that they will do so. But looking a fellow, that we feel assured that the [illegible] will not be disappointed. We have no fear of any of such thing. Gentle-[illegible]-We can't spare him [illegible]

Mr. Andrew Lesley, Esq. is respectfully requested to [illegible] for local notices of the Saturday Evening Post in Kentucky. Louisville, and vicinity, and subscribers of [illegible] are also desired to pay the amount owing for either to him.

[illegible] A. Clark will inform us at what Post Office [illegible] his paper, his request shall be complied with

First Appearance.

The appearance of the present number of the NINETEENTH VOLUME of the Saturday Evening Post is not exactly what we could have wished to [illegible] Our anticipations and our exertions we could obtain all the type for which we had contracted, and consequently we present a generally new, yet partially old exterior. Its necessarily hurried appearance has been contributed largely to the [illegible] subscriptions. Next week we shall introduce [illegible] improvements; and can safely promise a paper combining more [illegible] variety, and beauty in no ordinary degree.

Dreadful Occurrence.

Much excitement prevailed throughout town on early afternoon in consequence of a report that [illegible] Richard D. Isett, Captain Cadet of the Western Bank had committed suicide by putting himself in the head with a pistol. At 4½ hour in the day, the fact was fearfully realized. That Mr. Isett had in this unfortunately [illegible] at present remains in mystery,—numerous, [illegible] are in circulation, the most general impression is that pecuniary embarrassments were the cause to the act. The desperate deed was perpetrated in the city of Camden, and when first discovered, it was hopefully entertained that the injuries were not [illegible] but upon his being conveyed to the city, where he was able to walk into and his home as far as the corner of Arch and [illegible] Streets, upon which the hurrying [illegible] effects of the wound. Dr. Parrish, whose [illegible] is contiguous, was immediately called to his relief, and we regret to state that his death [illegible] was the result, and that, though [illegible] the latest accounts he was still alive. The affair [illegible] is the more deeply to be deplored, as the unfortunate [illegible] held a most responsible and honorable [illegible] for integrity and amiability, and is the [illegible] of an interesting family.

Western Bank, [illegible]

Philad'a, Dec. 4, 1839, 10 o'clock, A. M. \

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of this Bank, held yesterday morning and evening, it was [illegible] into a full examination of the cash and [illegible] discounted, and found all correct with the exception of a deficit in the Cashier's funds of [illegible] Thousand Dollars, for which his sureties [illegible] sample.

Jos. Trotter, Pres't. Geo. W. Fagg,
John S. Wood, Jas. Dundas,
Jos. Allen, J. Morris Moss,
Wm. Esher,
Thos. J. Maxwell,
Morris Patterson.

It is said that the sum stated above as a deficit has been vested in rail road stock, in the name of Mr. Israel, as Cashier of the Western Bank. He still continues, but no hope is entertained of his recovery.

An Outrage.

A practical exemplification of the legatee to [illegible] of which many men, who reside in the city of Lancaster, on Saturday last. Some severe remarks, have from time to time appeared in a political paper of that place, which brought down the vengeance of the [illegible] Mr. Jones superintendent on the Columbia Rail Road, and Mr. R. W. Middleton, the editor of the [illegible] (Daily Herald and Examiner), which name [illegible] depicting Mr.'s character correctly. It appears that on the day last week, the Examiner contained [illegible] which included in its vituperation Mrs. Jones. This so much exasperated her husband, that, meeting Middleton, the editor of that paper, he seized him by the collar and shook him [illegible] severely. A short time after, Mr. Cameron met round for the purpose, as he stated, of [illegible] upon an explanation. We believe, while acting that he demanded an explanation, Middleton, [illegible] scattering a few words, drew a pistol, and fired—the ball entering the right side of the body. Mr. Cameron was immediately conveyed home; and, upon the examination made by the physician, it appeared that the bullet had obliquely struck the sixth or seventh rib, and had been thus conducted round to his left side. Dr. McClellan, of this city, received a summons to attend Mr. Cameron forthwith, but the ball, we understand, had been extracted before Dr. McClellan arrived. Cameron is now pronounced to be entirely out of danger.

GENERAL NEWS.

Effects of Jealousy.

The Springfield (Mass.) Republican gives an account of a supposed poisoning of a young man named James Stanton, a shoemaker, in Monson, by a widow lady of that place, from feelings of jealousy. Stanton, who boarded with a widow Norton, died suddenly on the 8th ult. and was buried two days after. In consequence of the complaints in regard to the cause of his death, his body was disinterred on the 11th, and when examined by physicians, a quantity of arsenic was found in the stomach. The house was then set on fire, and the Widow there boasted that no man ever had the power to throw it upon, and that, when she came back, he would stick to them through life, and lose his last drop of blood in their defence.

From Texas.

We learn by a letter from Texas, that Commodore Moore, of the Texian Navy, sailed from Galveston the 13th ult. in the brig of war Galveston, for New York. The yellow fever has similarly [illegible] Houston, and the Buffalo Bayou, 80 miles from Galveston, and approachable constantly by the steamboats which come from the latter, there have been no less than 400 deaths out of a population of 1000. Notwithstanding all this, emigrants are not deterred from going to Texas.

Indian News.—Intelligence was received at Madison, (W. T.) on the 16th ult. stating that twenty Winnebago Indians had been murdered on the Wakeasapeeka River, by a party of Sacs and Foxes, or a part of the Prophet's band of Winnebagoes, who are for the most part with the Sacs and Foxes. The murders were committed in what were about hunting; the Winnebagoes made but a feeble resistance, as they were unprovided with arms. Ten escaped to Rock Island, and were received and ten taken prisoners. Two of the Sacs only were killed. The Indians attacked are said to be a part of Dekorre's band, between whom and the Sacs and Foxes a feud has existed for many years.

Printing Machine.—The U. S. Gazette notices a new printing machine now in operation at Hoboken, New Jersey, the invention of Mr. Thomas Treach. The rags are taken to the mill and made into paper, which is run on a reel and taken to the printing machine, which prints six spelling books in one minute, and three hundred books in an hour. The types are set on an iron chandler, and one revolution prints a book. The sheets are printed on both sides at one operation, and the ink is supplied by a roller moved on machinery. The inventor is now engaged on a machine that will print two common bibles in one minute.

Thanksgiving.—We very respectfully draw the attention of some of our readers to the following timely suggestions of the Maine Cultivator:

Above a fervent prayer to the Author of all good, with an humble acknowledgment for unmerited and unmerited blessings which each one has received, we would propose for consideration whether an honest man shall not himself next Thanksgiving morning be—Have I paid for my newspaper? If not, let him not think that he can enjoy the cause of Thanksgiving till that obligation is honorably discharged.

Fish!—The Nantucket Inquirer states that on the morning of Friday last he counted on the South Beach of the harbor, near James' Reporter, a quarter of a mile in length, 11 feet in length, which lay basking the sands, puffing and snorting like a bell, until secured by means of ropes, fastened beneath some trunks, and conveyed to the [illegible] square. They measured were subsequently carried through several parts of the town, while yet alive. Fifteen gallons of oil was extracted from the carcase.

The Sioux Kings.—Professors Olmsted and Espy threw the ashes of which they were the discoverers. Clinton Hall, New York, is filled with listeners. Espy has proposed that a committee of intelligent and impartial men should be appointed to examine and report on the facts of the great storm which occurred on the 26th of Jan. last, between the Lakes and the Atlantic. That body would be competent to settle the question as to the truth of the two theories.

Murder at St. Louis.—On the evening of the 17th ult. a miner from Galena, named Daniel P. Coffman was stabbed to death in the streets of St. Louis, having received thirty-four wounds. He had gone down the river [illegible] in a steamboat, and sold, on the passage, 6164 worth of lead. He had about $300 at the time he was murdered, when [illegible] he had been robbed. Two individuals, hands on board the boat, have been committed on suspicion of having perpetrated the act.

Lottery Tickets.—It is stated that seven bills have been found against as many N. York pedlars, for offering for sale, in this city, lottery tickets. We are glad to hear this, and should like to see the law against lotteries put in force in our own city. Our police with the exception of justices are quite unsalaried. We wish that the Mayor would take the matter in hand seriously, and show a firmness and independence worthy of his station.

Amherst College.—We are indebted to a friend for the Catalogue of Amherst College, (Mass.) for a catalogue of the officers and students of that institution. There are fifteen professors and tutors. Of the students there are one hundred, Seniors, 43 Juniors, 29 Sophomores, 26—total 162.

The standard is high in that institution, and the graduates have been reckoned among the best scholars of the country.

Delicate Death.—An unfortunate being, recently a miserable wretch in Elizabeth street, New York, was, on Wednesday week, burned to death by *spontaneous combustion*. The sensation attracted the neighbors, who found the woman lying in bed, enveloped in flames, the bed partially consumed, and still burning. She died in a few hours after.

A Leap.—Samuel Sheard, a lad 10 or 12 years old, in a state of insanity, recently jumped off a precipice of 40 feet, in Russell county, Va. and was but slightly injured.

The Fever Raged.—Major Noah states that the hard times have not in the least diminished gastronomy, and that happy couples are as numerous as ever.

Forgery.—A young man, named Frederick Suppington was held to bail in Baltimore on Monday upon a charge of forgery.

Leaving his Wives.

A curious case of bigamy recently occurred in England. The offender, Thomas Wainwright, married his first wife, Betty Hilbert, at Radcliff, and it appears that they lived together comfortably. It seems, however, that he thought another wife would make his happiness and his household complete; and he accordingly succeeded in persuading a young woman, aged about 16, of prepossessing appearance, to become his wife, to become his second wife, and they were married on the 30th of July last. The strangeness of the transaction is, that the first wife was by the husband's second marriage, officiated as bridesmaid, and personally pulled her own wedding ring from her finger, and with that ring the ceremony was performed. When the man was apprehended, he and the two wives were living very comfortable together, all the parties apparently unaware of the degradation in which they were placed. It was the intention to marry a young woman in the neighborhood, to whom he had engaged himself, as she had expressed her disapprobation of the match. The prisoner remained before a magistrate in Manchester, on the 27th, and committed to jail for trial.

Deliberate Murder.—About the 16th ult. a murder was committed at Pass Christian, State of Missouri. A man named Bradley, shot some time previously, a man named Brown, who procured a warrant for his apprehension, and went to his house, with Boston an officer. On their approach Bradley threatened to shoot them, if they should attempt to enter the house. Brown to go away, remarks to Hearse, that he had a family to support, and could not afford to risk his life in the arrest, when he was instantly shot by Bradley, who fled, but was wounded by the immediate discharges of his rifle. Boston died of his wounds, and though a large number of citizens were in pursuit of Bradley, he could not be taken. Bradley shot a Capt. Baker about two years ago, mistaking him for another man.

Libel Case.—The editor of the Norristown Herald and Free Press, published at Norristown Pa. Penn., has been convicted of publishing a libel against the Hon. John R. Sergeant, the State Senator from that district. A motion was made for a new trial which will be argued in Phila. Dec. Several hundred dollars will be learn by the "Register," were present and examined as witnesses.

Printing Establishment Burnt.—On the night of the 27th ult. the book-bindery, connected with the printing establishment of Gould, Newman & Saxton, at Andover, caught fire, and was entirely consumed, with all its contents.—The amount of loss is estimated at $40000, viz: Gould, Newman & Saxton $25000; William Waters $1000; and the Trustees $800.

Death in the Theatre.—Mr. Stimson, promptor at the Tremont Theatre, was killed on Thursday night last, by one of the iron weights of the curtain. It fell upon his head, and in one instant he was a lifeless corpse. He was a good man and a worthy member of society.—An awful fate for one so lately connected with such a temple of vice and immorality as a theatre. Let it serve as a salutary warning.

Rival Railroads in Havana.—Two rival companies have been formed to go into a contract for a rail-road from Havana to Guines.—One consists of twenty stockholders, who subscribe each $50,000; the other of 2000 stockholders, who subscribe each at $500 each. Which is making in either instance a capital of one million.

Go ahead says we! we like rail-ery.

Beware of Chagrin.—The Hartford News cautions those who are in the habit of taking fine cigars to beware of the fate of Chagrin, and take such sticks as are charged with gunpowder. We would advise people to take nothing that is charged in any sense. The "cash system" is the only one, sure of eventuating in a positive credit.

Tobacco is Cultivated.—Great dissatisfaction prevails in Cincinnati, on account of tax which has been laid on market wagons by the councils of that city. The Mayor has sold several wagons for the fines, but the courts have decided against him, and indemnified the owners.

Shipwreck.—The U. S. mail boat Merchant which arrived at New Orleans on the 17th ult. reports that the British barque Kingsland, Captain Hall, 25 days from Liverpool for Mobile, has gone ashore on the west end of Massacre Island, and is a total loss.

Destructive Fire at Rochester.—About 3 o'clock, on Saturday morning last, a fire broke out in the large flouring mill of Messrs. Edwin Avery, at Rochester, which was wholly consumed. Loss, $20,000. Insurance $8000.

The Baltimore Murder.—Mary Goldsborough, who was charged with the murder of her stepchild, on Tuesday discharged by the magistrate before whom she was examined, for want of evidence.

Affairs in France.—The French have been favored, as well as ourselves, with a mild autumn. In the vicinity of Marseilles, the cherry trees and [illegible] have put forth blooms, and cherries were expected in November.

Rail Road Accident.—A man in Newark, in attempting to jump upon a train of cars which were under way, fell, and the cars passing over him, cut one leg entirely off and injured the other so severely as to require amputation

THE OLIO.

Variety is the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

"LOVE IN HIGH LIFE"

Lady M. and John.

John. My dear Mamma, you're quite in vain,
I'll only marry Captain Grig—
The Viscount is so very plain.

Lady M. Don't talk such nonsense, John, pray.
John. But, oh! this high, the gallant air—
The style, the dress, the tout, of the Captain!
His eyes, moustachios, and his hair!—
His very whiskers I am wrapt in!

Lady M. Well, John, to you please, you know—
But say, context with love and blisses,
You can resolve to keep and woo,
And sublime the Captain's kisses?
And won't you miss the Viscount's carriage?
And can you cut your entire income?
And can you live on loves and marriage,
And be content with simple income?

John. For Captain Grig my heart beats high,
He is so very sentimental;
Oh! Captain Grig, for thee I sigh!
What! is, Mamma, the Viscount's rental?
But, oh! I fear you'll say no more,
You cannot change your first opinion;
I told you, dear Mamma, before,
My heart owns Captain G.'s dominion!
And then the Viscount aren't you poor?
Know then he does. Will you decline?
You—no; my thoughts shall I disclose?
Mamma, his fortune is divine!

Lady M. But then the Captain?

John. Pooh! Mamma;
I like his walking well, you know;
Lady M. I'll go and tell your dear Papa.
When shall we order the ceremony?

John. But to be very liberal?
And will the Viscount be present?
And when, Mamma, when will he call?
And is he really in my set?
And shows Viscount preside a years!
And settlements, Mamma, you say?
You! though I died a silent year.
Farewell! farewell! poor Captain Grig!!!

An advertiser in a Providence paper, in describing a country seat, which he offers for sale, says: "Among the other delights of scenery, the cynic meanders through its brake, in lofty and majestic grandeur."

An independent man is one who blacks his own shoes and boots, who can live without whiskey and tobacco, and shave himself with brown soap and cold water without a mirror, and go to bed at night without a lamp.

There is a man in New Hampshire, who is obliged to take his tea through a tube, his nose being so long that he cannot sip it.

Er cetera.—An undelighted child went with his parents to an exhibition of automata, and, being highly delighted, was frequently noticed to consult the bill of fare, which he held in his hand, and sometimes he expressed in a low anxious voice his regret that it was nearly over. At length the whole was finished. Mamma and papa were on their cheeks, to little Hal's astonishment, who, with his finger on the bill, said, "But, papa, they have not yet shown us et cetera." "Oh, my dear," at the end of the list, and I remember you once said to me that she's' meant more of the same sort."

A friend relates the following incident as having occurred at a counting room of his, in New York city. A number of gentlemen for lack of other subjects, were each stating what he would make of money if he was wealthy. A clerk in the establishment stood by and said nothing. At a pause in the conversation, one turned to him and said: "Well, Jim, if you were rich, what would you do?" "I would ask Mr. ——— for his daughter Mary." Mr. ——— looked surprised; the bystanders saw the object, and lent a hand, and Jim has the prospect of having by and his wishes gratified, wealth and Mary.

A Russian Yankee.—The Stamford Sentinel says, that they have got a man in that place y'clept Noah Webb, who is a real Jack at all trades. If the following is true of him, Noah could have "held a candle" at least, to his great namesake of Ark building memory:—Besides letting out boats and repairing jewelry, opening oysters and teaching the seventeen various hair and dueling in stems, mending furniture, and cleaning watches, selling fruit and pulling teeth, selling fish and buying shares in the Atlantic Steam Packet Company, teaching dancing, and the best way to bake potatoes, he lectures his customers on the science of phrenology, while he is decanting on the flavors of round claims. He also takes the papers.

Society.—Fancy, in her picturesque rovings, may taste her lay in favor of solitude—may boast of her little empire within, and the sweet converse with inanimate creation; but reason interrupts these silent joys, and tells the mind it was not made for its own companions without becoming its own enemy. Trees and brambles are but poor society; we will give for one who will think as we think, or induce us to forsake our own opinions for his.

Pearl ashes, dissolved in water, and put into an engine, will most effectually extinguish burning wood, and prevent it from taking fire again.

When you are travelling and put your money under your pillow, always wrap a cravat, stocking or something that you could cover in the morning —You will then never forget it.

Black and White.—The Germans make use of nine different shades of *ink* in their delicate embroidery of woods. Why not? We know of as many shades in black, if we note well the varying shades which interpose between the priest's own gown and some old maiden's cloak—twice turned, thrice dyed, once sponged, and always worn.

Hint to letter-writers.—It is unwise when you write a letter to limit to tell your correspondent so; it is ten to one if he find it out, if you do not enlighten him by apologies for brevity; but when they are read, he feels of course that he has just right to be aggrieved.

Long Experience.—The learned Dr. Wont having inserted a lady by the name of *Experience*, who was very tall, being asked one day after his marriage, what he thought of the married state, replied, that by long *Experience*, he found it was a good thing to be married.

No Jokebers.—A schoolboy, fourteen years of age, of a public seminary not a hundred miles from Rochester, being lectured by his tutor for not reciting his lesson well, on the night before he went home, and being asked the reason, replied, "I don't know sir, unless it is because I sleep without a nightcap, and it evaporates before the morning."

When we hear a man boasting of his "love for the dear people," we are strongly inclined to suspect him for a foe for the "dear people's" offices. It reminds us of the Irishman who was about to marry a southern girl for her property.

"Will you take this cream to be your wedded wife?" said the minister.

"Yes, your reverence, and the sugare too," said Pat.—*Vicksburg Whig.*

Pleasant Times in New Orleans.—The Picayune of the 5th says: "Here we are in the month of November with a cheerful and balmy sun shining on us—yellow jack unquarantined—not a word about the suppression of *riparian* pursuits—our hotels are becoming so crowded that there's death and a bolster will soon be considered good accommodation—the little Camp bright and sprightly as in its palmiest days—the police offices crowded of with wags and rag-chasers—piles of produce landing on the Levee, and mountains of masterfully tured goods blocking up the sidewalks—credit good at the North, that's pos—bills, unacceptedable, and duress, to the full tide of successful operation—evenings cool and whiskey punches pleasant—drays driving about in all directions, killing no one yet—omnibuses being put round—carriage horses down—candidates for mayor as plenty as flower girls—lotions prettier than ever—and cottage bonnets all the be-

The Belcher's Revelry.

BY R. L. HUMPH.

For weeks he knew nothing of this earth,—he was encompassed with the spectres of a terrible dream. All was confusion, darkness, horror—a series and a change of torture! At one time he was hurried through the heavens in the worst of a fiery star, girt alone, below and around with unextinguishable fire, consuming flames. Wherever he trod, as he wandered through his vast and blazing prison, the molten fire was his footing, and the breadth of five miles his air. Flowers, and trees, and hills were in that world as in ours, but wrought from one lurid and intolerable light; and scattered around, iron gigantic palaces and fortresses of the living flame. With every moment there passed in and fro shadowy forms, on whose countenances was engraven unutterable anguish; but not a shriek, and a groan rung through the red air; for the doomed, who fell and inhabited the flames, were forbidden the consolation of voice. Above there out, fixed and black, a solid and impenetrable cloud—Night frozen into substance! and from the midst there hung a banner of a pale and sickly flame, on which were written words, but I have forgotten or rapidly beside him. He stooped to shake the agony of his thirst—the waves were waves of fire! and, as he started from the burning draught, he longed to shriek aloud, and could not. Then he cast his despairing eyes above for mercy, and saw on the lurid and motionless banner "For ever."

"A strange curse o'er the spirit of his dream."

He was suddenly borne upon the winds and storms to the caverns of an eternal winter. He felt himself encompassed by the ribbons of the coldest and sluggish waves. Slowly and heavily they rose over him as he sank: they came the lengthened and suffocating torture of that drowning death—the tumultuous and unendable contest with the closing waters—the gurgle, the choking, the bursting of the pent breath,—the flutter of the heart, its agony, and its stillness! He recovered. He was a thousand fathoms beneath the sea, chained in a rock round which the heavy waters rose as a wall. He felt his own flesh rot and decay, perishing from his limbs piece by piece; and he saw the coral banks which it requires a thousand ages to form, rise slowly from their silent bed, and upward, arms by arm, till they became a shelter for the leviathan; their growth was his only record of eternity; and over and over, around and above him, came vast and unshapen things—the wonders of the secret deep; and the sea serpent, the huge chimera of the north, made its resting place by his side, glaring upon him with a livid and deathlike eye, was, yet burning as an expiring sun. But over all in every change, in every moment of that immortality, there was present one pale and unrelentless countenance, never turning from his own. The fiends of hell, the monsters of the hidden ocean, had no horror so awful as the human face of the dead whom he had loved!

The word of his sentence had gone forth. Alike through that delirium and its more fearful awakening, through the past, through the future, through the vigils of the joyless day, and the broken dreams of the night, there was a chorus upon his soul—a hell within himself; and the burst of his sentence was—*never to forget!*

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Dark were the clouds along the sky;
Thick gloom was in my heart,
That morn, when last thy home I sought,
To bid adieu, and part.
I felt no one, regret on to break,
The only tie that bound thee,
To life, to love, to memory,
To all things dear around him!
Oh! 'tis a sad, heart-rending trial.
From those we love to sever
To breathe with trembling lips, farewell!
Farewell! perhaps forever!
To thee we feel how brief is joy,
How like the month glow
How like earth's ever sterling tone
That only can to flow.
To thee, benighted from the heart,
Comes gushing into light,
Fond thoughts, and feelings, and emotions,
Or shrouded from the sight.
'Tis then that love with clouded look,
Deep in the heart remained,
At the sangre touch of the parting words,
Flames forth and is revealed.
How quivered then the moments seem!
How rarely do they fly!
We know around a thousand things,
To breathe the last *goodbye!*

C.

The Story of Lord Byron and Lord Wentworth's Son.

This distinguished young prop of the English nobility seems resolutely determined to do all in his power to maintain the character of the British aristocracy for private virtue, elegant deportment and truly noble bearing. Not content with the chivalrous achievements of the Eglinton Tournament, and the distinguished honors acquired there, he must get up a fight of his own, and, like a true Quixotte fashion, for the indulgence of his irrepressible humor in pranks fantastic. It is related of him, by a London paper, that during the festival at Eglinton Castle, he stole away from the company, and dressed in the garb of a sailor, strolled in the night into a baker's shop, and, in company with his rogues, began filling a sack with some flour. "Flour!" said the Marquis, "is that flour?" The reply was in the affirmative. "Flour?" roared the Marquis, with an oath, "a fat feral ground bones, you scoundrel! It was you, and such as you, that brought the cholera into the country." Whereupon the Marquis, snatching a handful, threw it in the baker's eyes, and setting him by the throat, threatened to annihilate him. The baker was confounded and nigh dead with fright, when the Marquis turned upon the bystanders, who threw a handful of flour into their face also, and bolted. The gray mare was the better horse, however, and determined not to let the intruder off in that manner; so out she sallied with a face as white as the driven snow, giving vent to a string of complimentary epithets. The Marquis at last turned back, and whipping up the baker's wife and her husband were driving on, slipped a five pound note into her hand, to purchase a stout waistcoat for him.—*Boston Transcript.*

SONG OF THE FEBI.

Oh! hasten, love, to my wild rose bower,
Where countless sweets entice,
Love breathes in every opening flower,
And hails the dawning gale.
Our land and sea
I roam'd for thee.
Over billow, stream, and mountain;
Thou hast no lustier, roam to me,
And rest thee by the fountain.

Thy tent they see more, and the Fero world
Is bereaved in my heart;
My very elves have their pinions furl'd,
And quiet reigns around
Our land and sea
I roam'd for thee.
Over billow, stream, and mountain;
Thou hast no lustier, roam to me,
And rest thee by the fountain.

Dignity of an Indian Chief.—We doubt if the annals of ancient history furnish a reply, surpassing in eloquence and grandeur, the following from the untutored savage:

"As Tecumseh proudly approached, General Harrison rose to receive the Chief, and pointing to a bench prepared for the purpose, said, "I was while father requests you to be seated."

"Tecumseh cast upon the American General a look of unmitigated scorn and indignation: "Your father!" said he. "No. The sun," pointing to that luminary in the heavens, "is my father: The Earth," pointing to the ground, "is my mother! And, throwing himself on the ground, "I will rest nowhere but on her bosom."

Avarice in old age, says Colton, is foolish: for what can be more absurd, than to increase our provision for the road, the nearer we approach to our journey's end."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

SONG OF THE EARTH TO THE MOON.

Planet gentle, dearer than the sun!
Beauty o'er my weary brow the silvery dreams,
My flower cups are all closed—the night dew's tear
Weighs down their lids—and they sleep in the breast
Sweet sister, thou too sleep!

Midnight lies shaded o'er
My mountain tops, and by deep river rock,
Inky and cold, moaning with restless roar!
And then my grandeur with an awful rock
Midnight has shaded o'er.

Come forth and kiss me, sweet!
Lest high above me in thy imperial state
Laugh daughter on the sea—my bread when gone!
Front Ocean with quivering silver; lovingly
Come forth and kiss me, sweet!

Thy trembling pearly rays
Quiver with music, and the fairies tread
Their lightsome circles on the dewy grass,
Make flowers of Chaledon, in bliss they wed
Thy pearly trembling rays.

Earth trembles by magic eye
Every rain smiles, as though a second life
Played through the vale of dreams—my every part
The more cloud prime, stands with beauty lit
Beneath thy magic eye.

Upon thy clouds of snow,
Like a fair conqueror, thou rid'st above us
While the warm fragrant zephyrs gently blow,
In lovely mingling from earth above
Upon thy clouds of snow.

Joy, sister, thou art near!
My heart is full to light, my fare is opened wide,
My flower cups ope their lids, as though to prayer,
List, how my forest sings! floral, hoarse and rough;
Joy, sister, thou art near!

PULPIT SKETCHES.—No. 1.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Rev. Thomas E. Skeddon.

Philadelphia has long been celebrated for the eccentricities of her Bar; but it is only recently that she could boast of the oratory of her Pulpit. A host of brilliant speakers, in almost every sect, has, however, contributed to elevate the reputation, instruct her people, and dignify and exalt her divines. Among all those eloquent men no one surpasses the subject of our sketch.

The Rev. Thomas E. Skeddon is a member of the Methodist Protestant Church, and differing from the Episcopal Methodists, chiefly in their presbyterial form of government. He is pastor of the first congregation of that sect in Philadelphia—and in fact the only one in the city proper. His eloquence, however, will ensure him a congregation wherever he may come; and he will be, we predict, literally day, gathered one around him in his native city.

In person, Mr. Skeddon is tall, slim, and almost gaunt. His eye, at times, approaches a wildness; and his countenance is, at the whole, rather striking. There is a sad melancholy air —a musing abstraction about it, even in repose, which impresses upon the mind that the speaker is never to forget it. His appearance in the pulpit is good, though rather remarkable for carelessness than grace. When he first rises to speak, he generally arranges the cushion; his eye, for an instant, wanders restlessly around, and then, with a slight pause, he begins to speak. His enunciation is clear, but rapid, and he is distinct; he often pauses to let his hearers take in his words; and at times, stops abruptly, at the close of a sentence, and looks keenly around. His voice during this time is solemn, his gesture low and musical, now clear, now loud, and now almost sepulchral. His gestures too, are regular, and rather forcible than free. He is by no means and his theme opens before him, his manner, insensibly, begins to attract your attention. His solemnity of manner becomes deeply impressive —his low, deep voice, sometimes, falls in the intensity of his descriptions: and the gestures, so lately awkward, become eloquent with thought. Then it is that he takes the bible in his hand, and, pacing to and fro, pours forth a torrent of imagery, which reminds us of the grandeur of Job, or the lofty inspirations of Isaiah.

For his style, in any kind, surpass him in the boldness and vigor of his fancy. Amid the vast mysteries of Christianity, which have staggered so many giant minds, he moves as if by right; now exulting in the sovereignty of time, now dwelling on the ordinances of eternity, and now picturing the monster death, riding amid the tempest, and dooming the sinner to the dark dungeons and obscurity around him. A series of picturesque descriptions, alike chaste or nervous, beautiful or sublime, succeed one another in quick succession, and seem with him to gush from the heartre, until finally they lose the mastery of their faculties, partake of the elevation of the orator, and seem with him to gaze upon the whole wind, hear the crash of worlds, or see the lightning leap from the throne of the Omnipotent. When he has attained a climax like this he is the very incarnation of an orator, whether that character consists in words, imagery, action, or in a union of all. His eye flashes fire; his voice comes echoing the thunder; and his arms, as if wielding the lightnings, is raised on high. Nor is he less effective in exciting sensations of the beautiful. He possesses in a high degree the power of pathos; and when he wishes to enter into a pathos to the ear more vividly than to the eye. You see the still lake below, the mists curling from the water, the boat moving slowly in distance, and the star like sky melting away over all. You hear the whirr of the bird, the whistle of the ploughman, or the ripple of the wave against the shore. You see the tear in the bold strokes, he brings out the scene before you, and with all its freshness and beauty leaves it stamped upon the mind.

We shall long remember how vividly he sketched the contest between Elijah and the false prophets of Baal. His pastoral descriptions of the beauty of nature, the purity of heaven and earth, the brown and withered herbage were all before us. He then drew in well chosen and powerful language the unyielding of the people, the building of the altars, the long and useless prayers of the false prophets, and the dismay of their followers as night drew on and still "their God spoke not, nor answered." Then the fire of heaven, in personating the taunting prophet of the Lord, slave himself. His loud and bitter voice rang searchingly out, and he threw himself back with gestures of triumph, as the people fell upon the